THE CHOLERIC FATHERS

A Comic Opera

performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden

Adapted for the

GERMAN FLUTE

Composed by

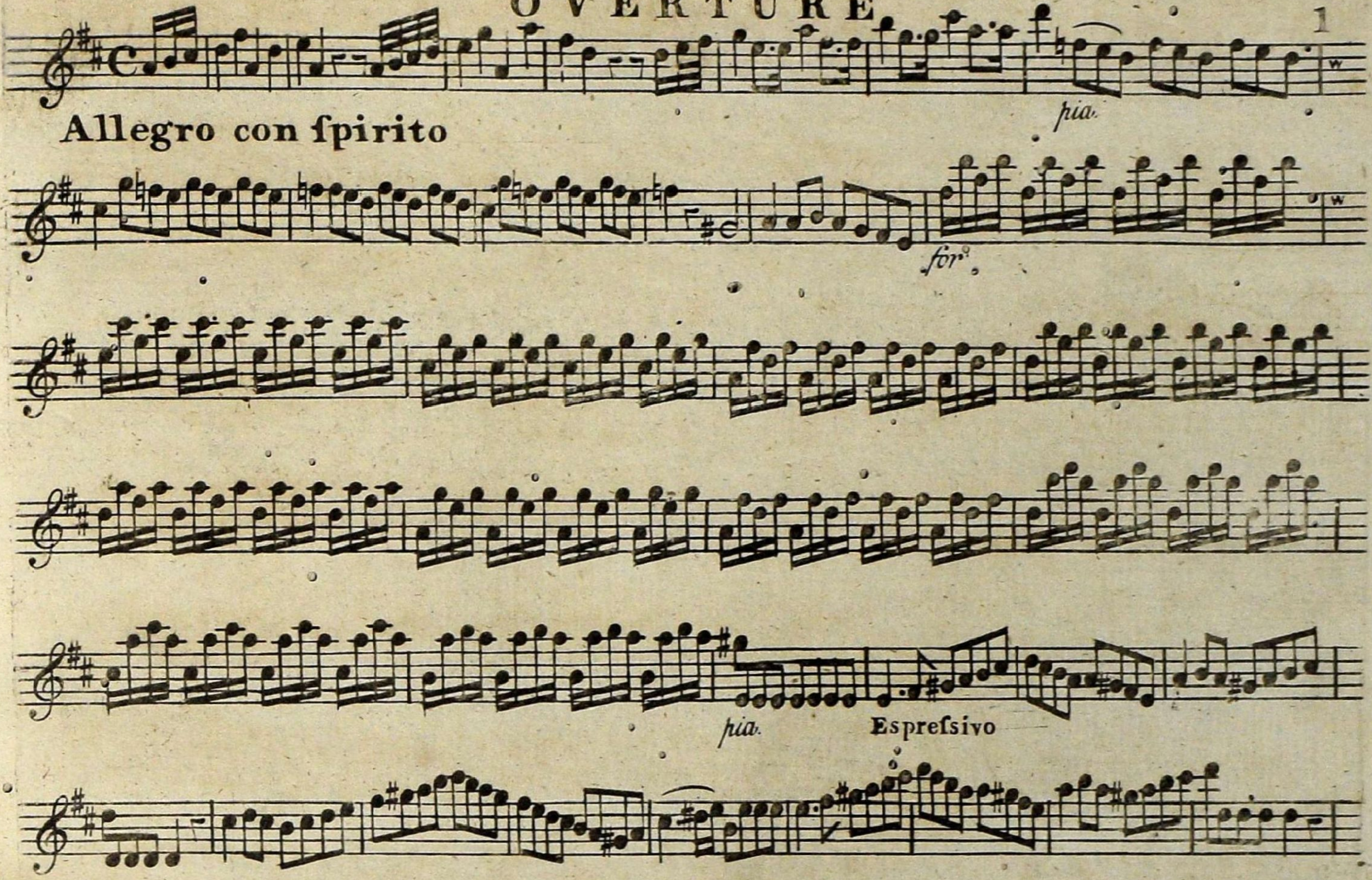
W^{m}. SHIELD

Entered at Stationer's Hall Price 3.^{s} 6.^{d}

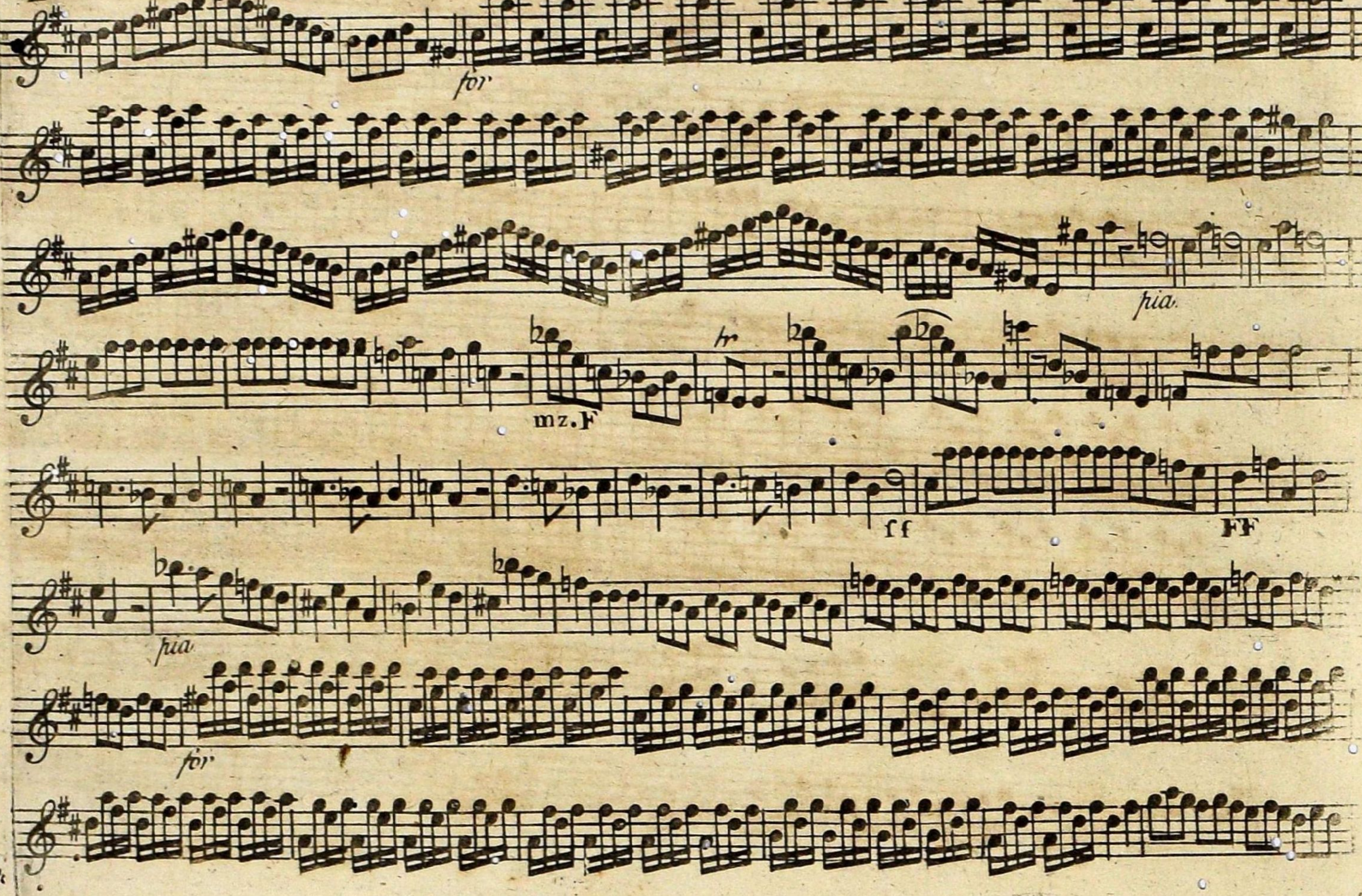
LONDON

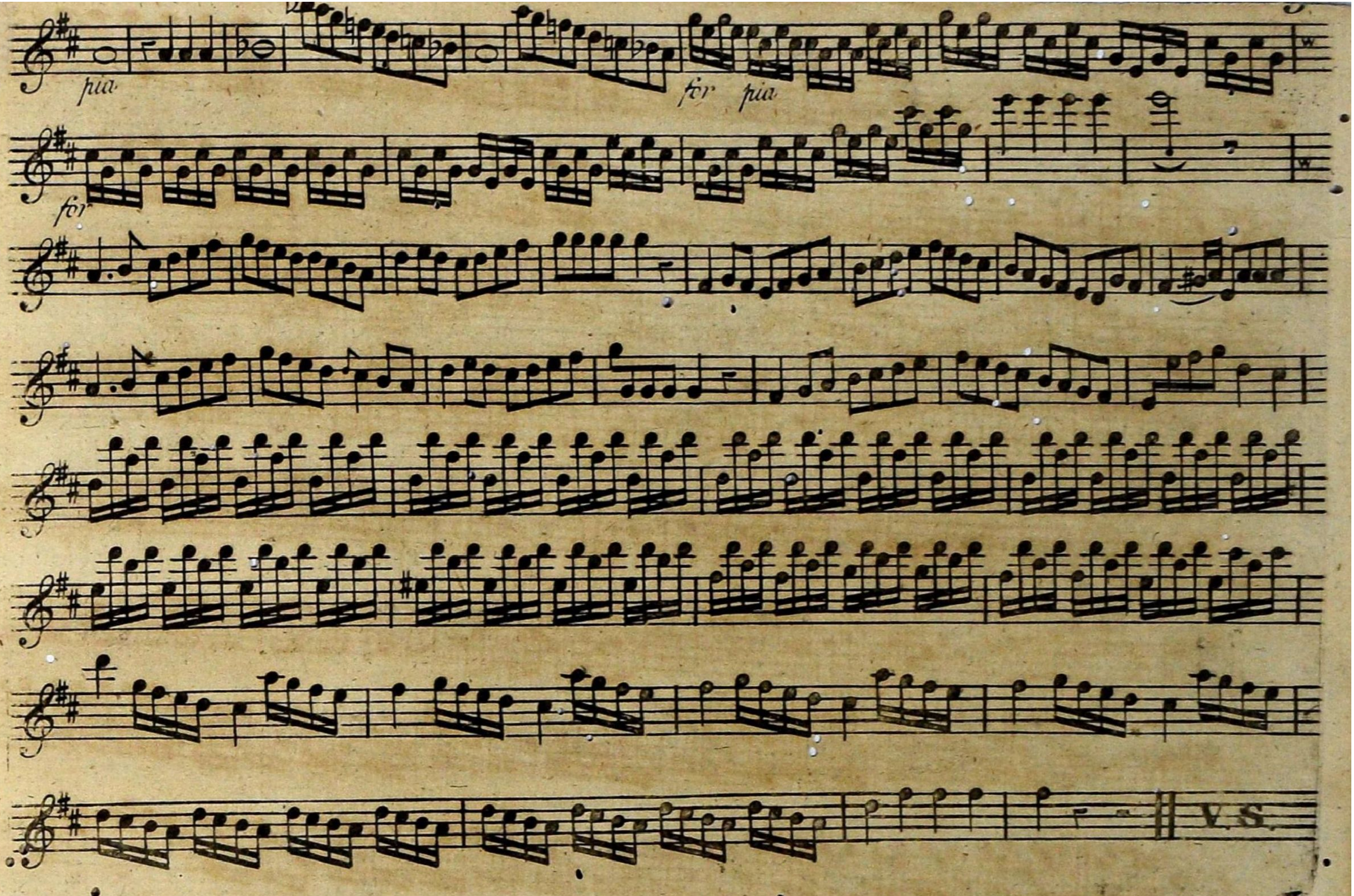
Printed by Longman and Broderip N.° 26 Cheapside and N.° 13 Hay Market

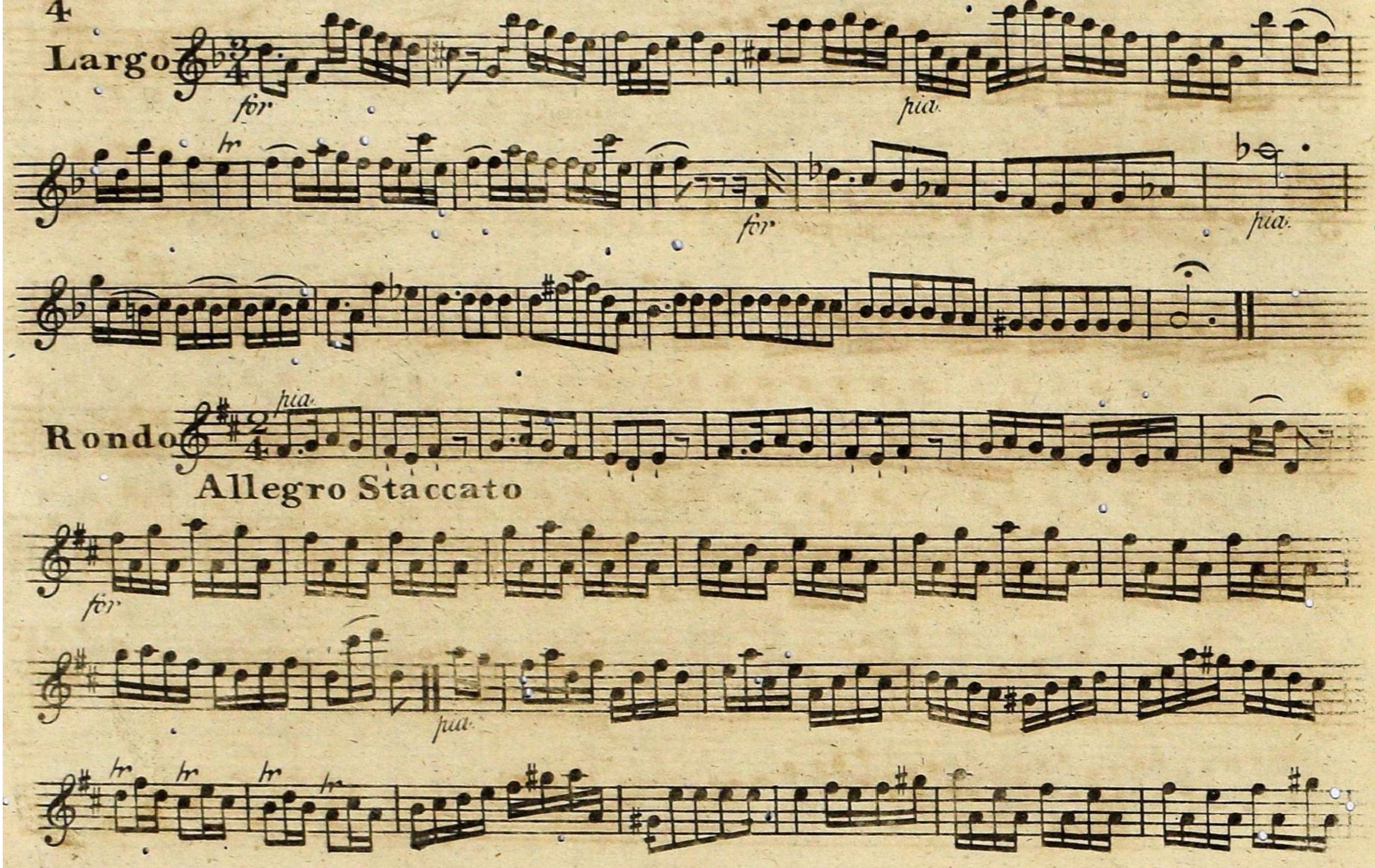
OVERTURE

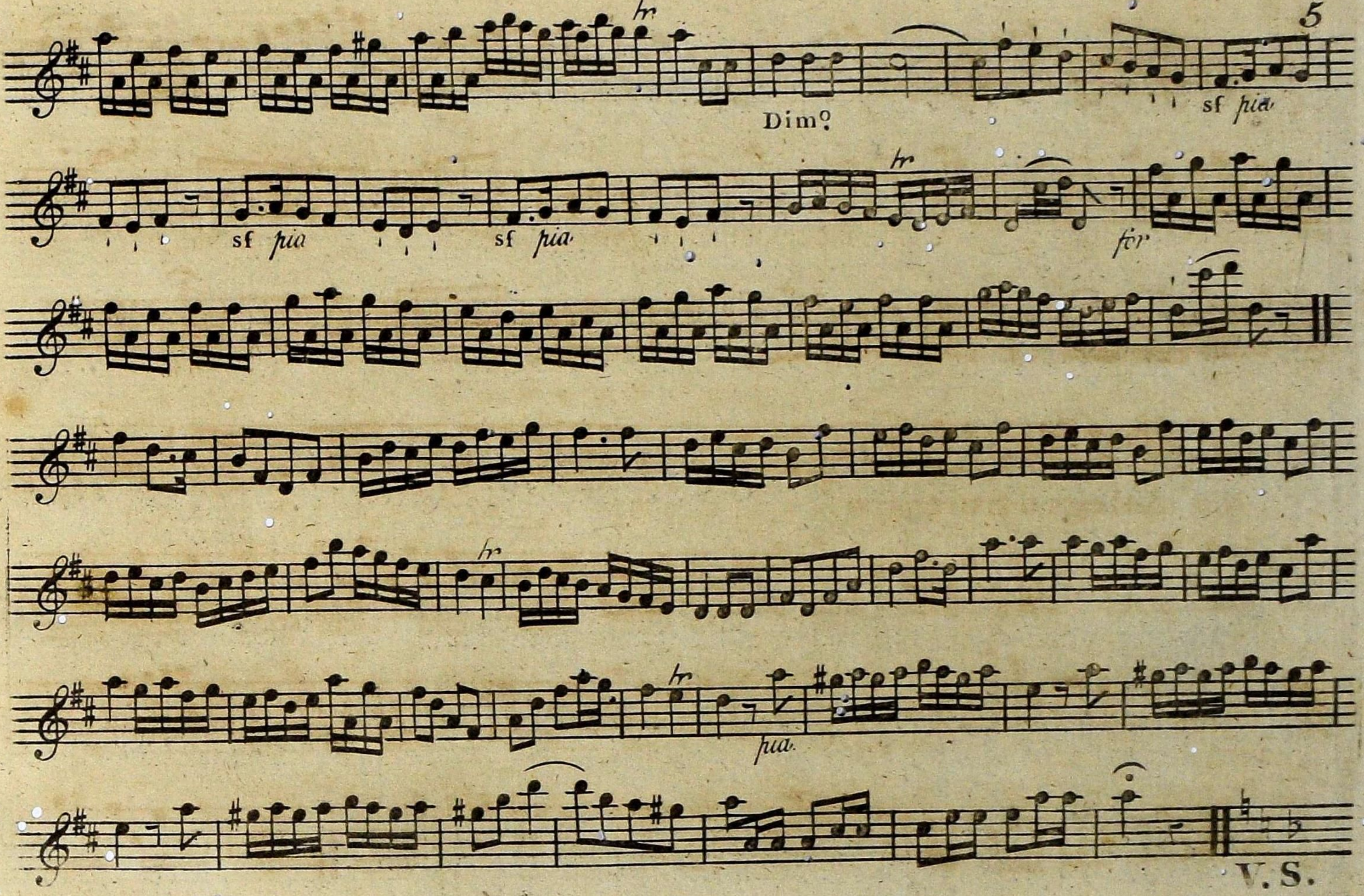


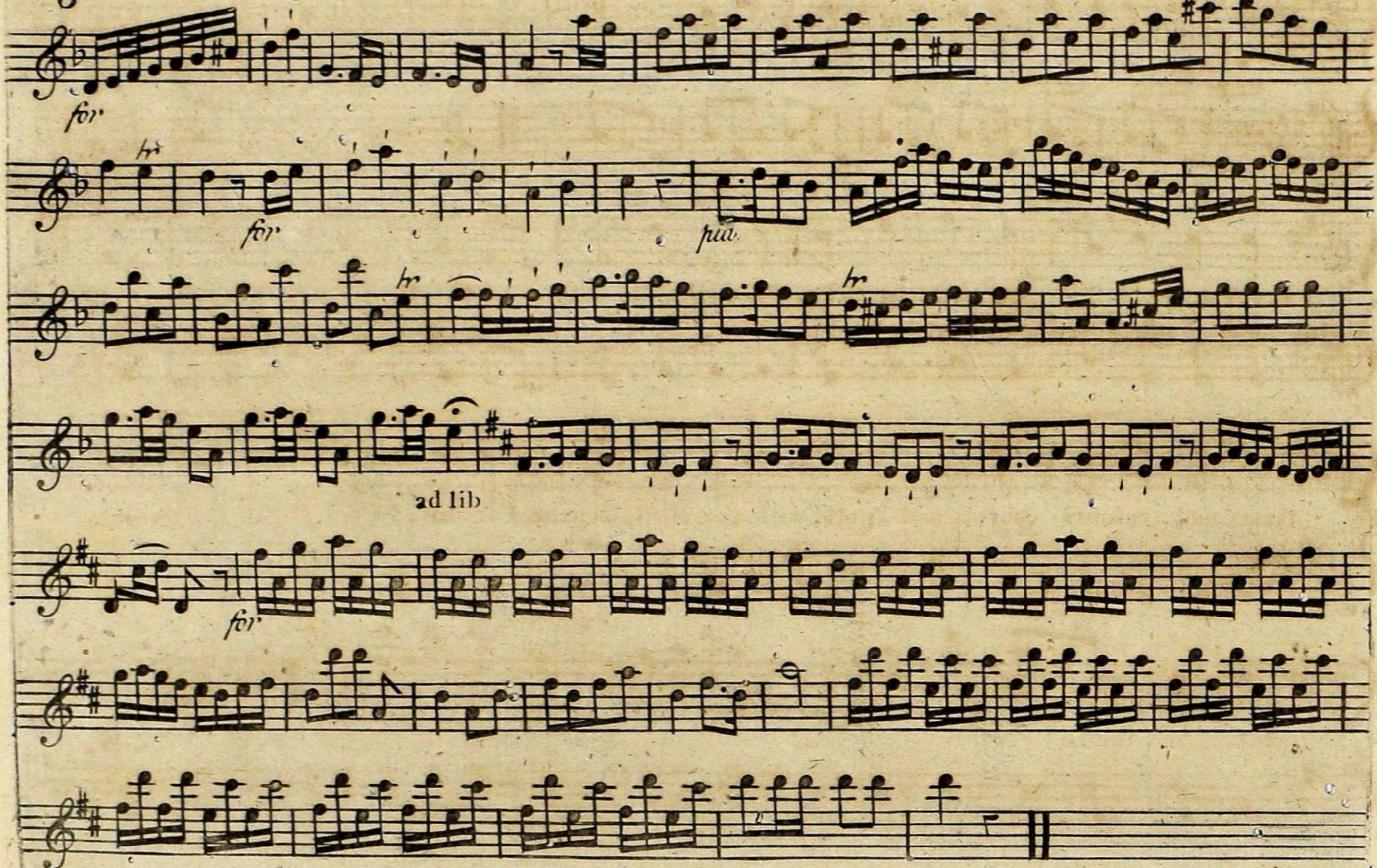
V.S.


for
pia
mz.F
tr
ff
FF
pia
for

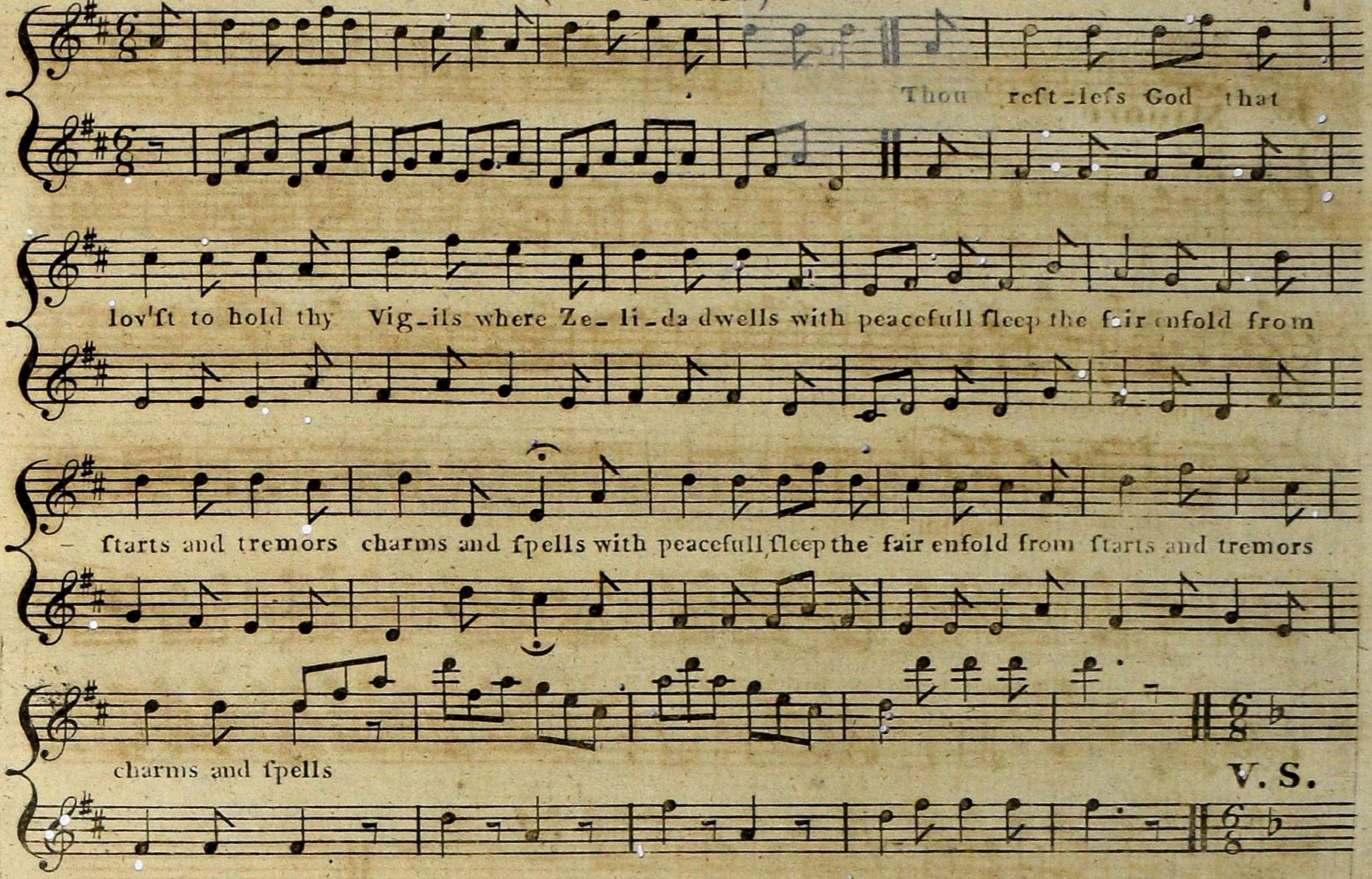

pia
for
pia
for
V.S.

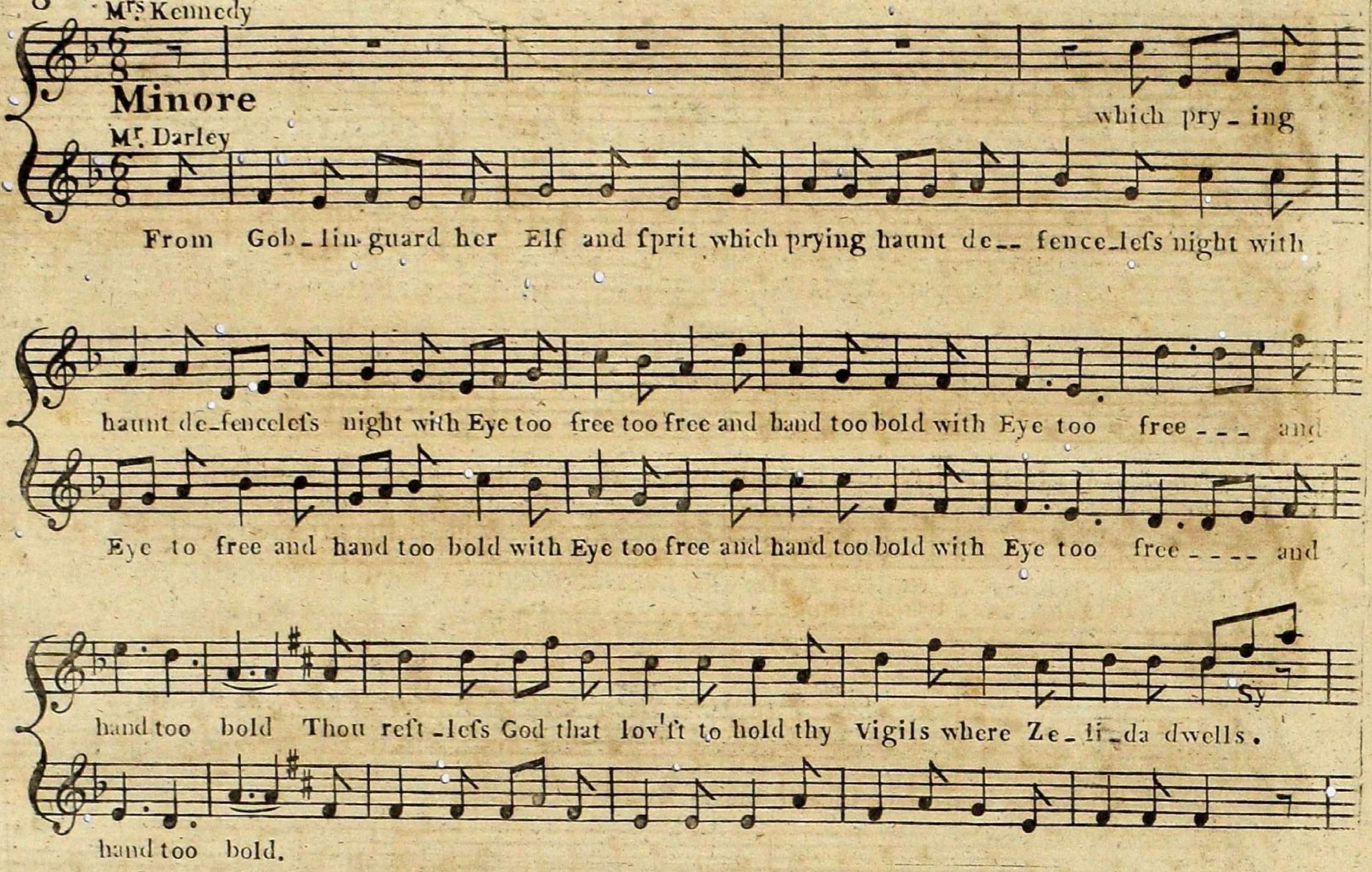

Largo
for
pia
tr
for
pia
Rondo
pia
Allegro Staccato
for
pia
tr
tr
tr
tr

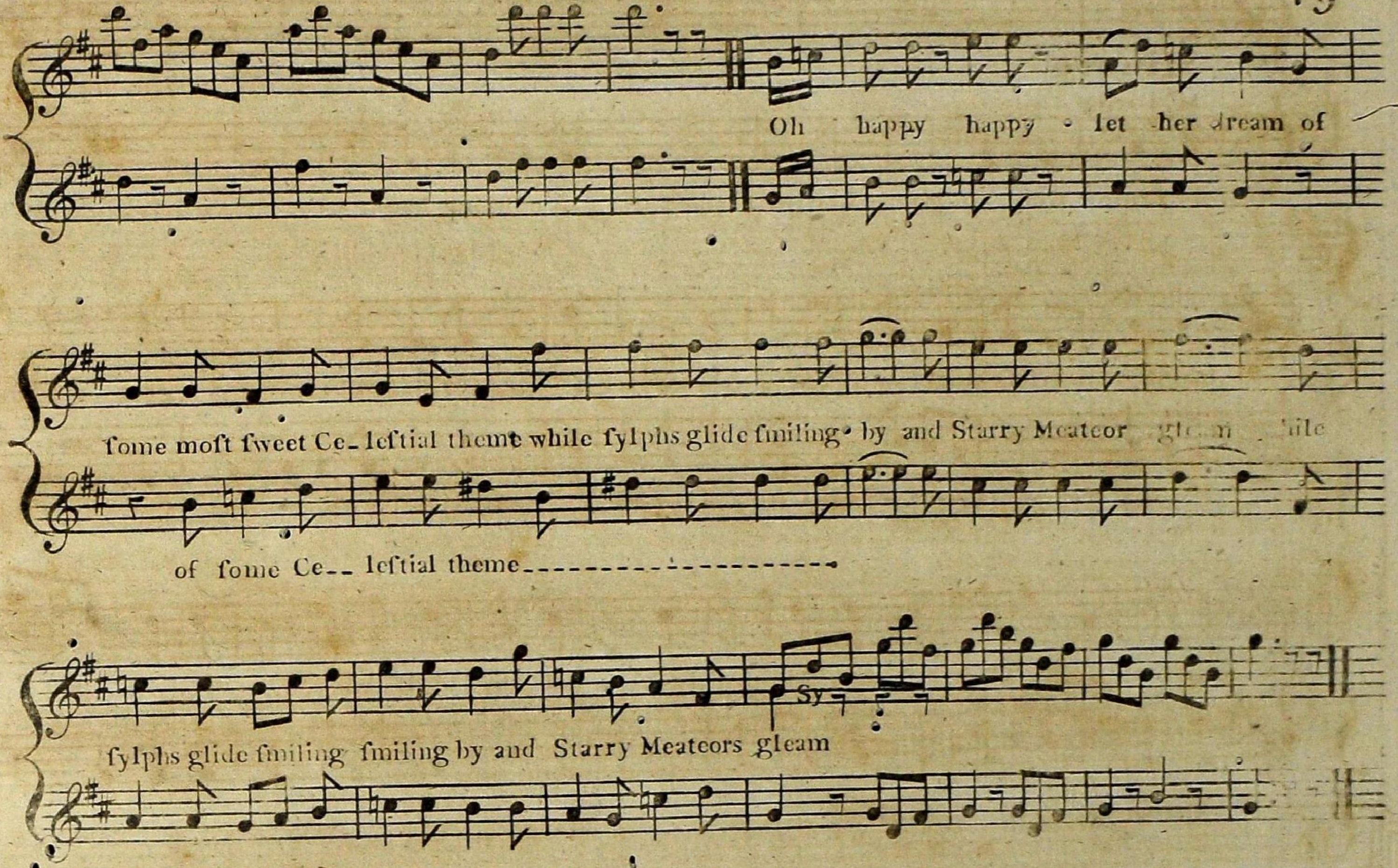

tr
Dim°
sf pia
sf pia
sf pia
tr
for
tr
tr
pia
V. S.

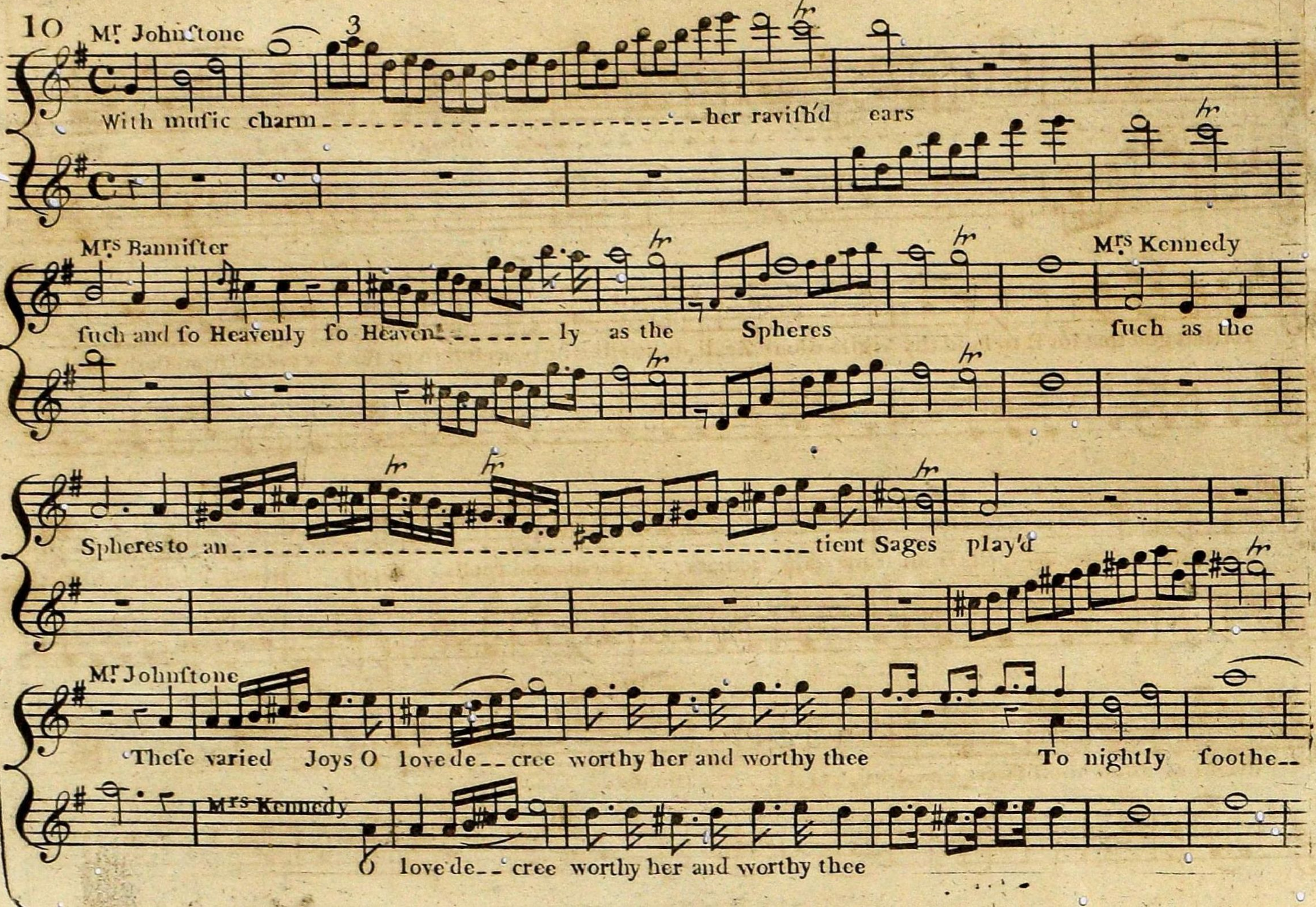

for
tr
for
pia
tr
tr
ad lib
for

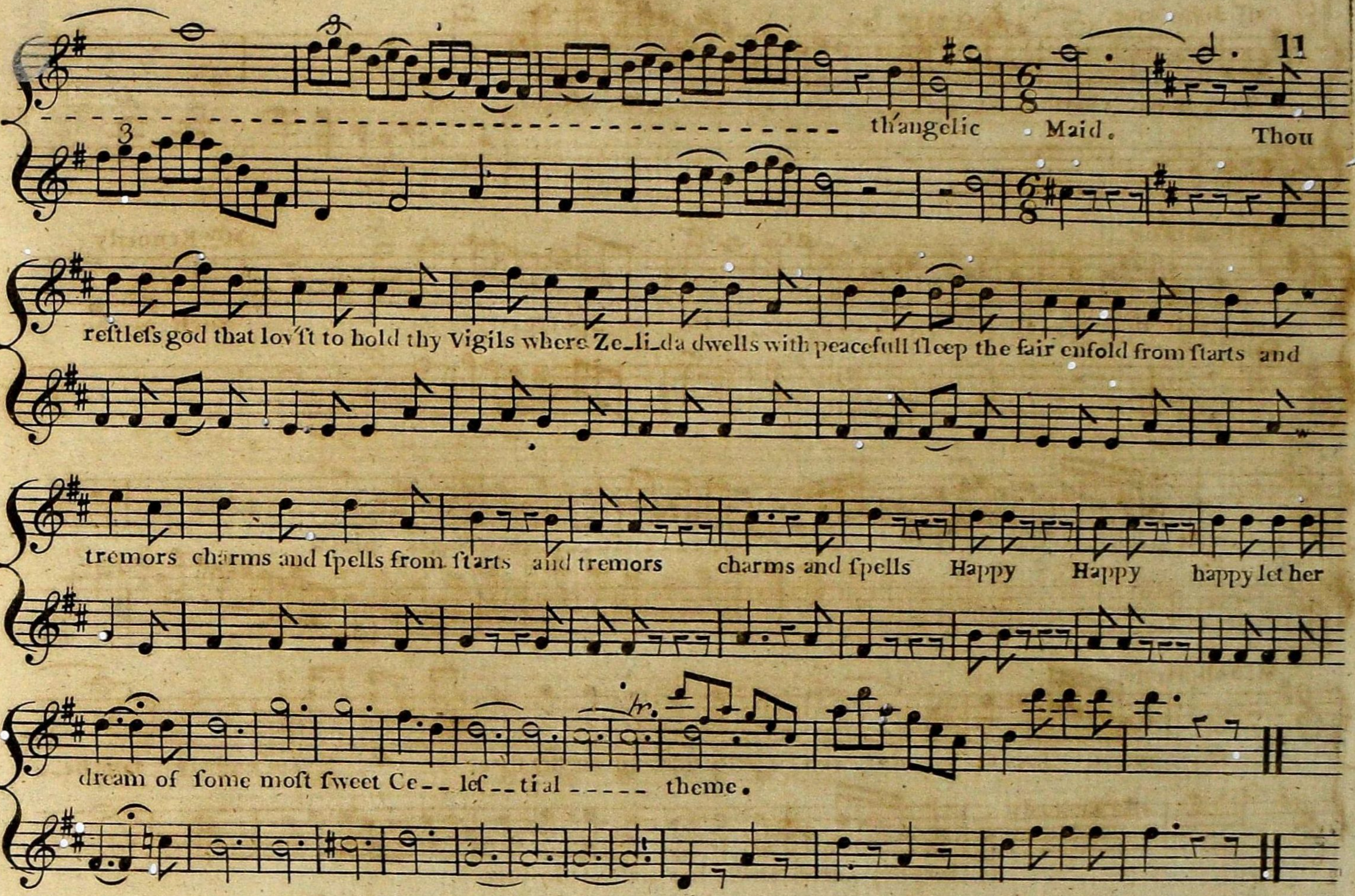
Duetto. (Serenade)



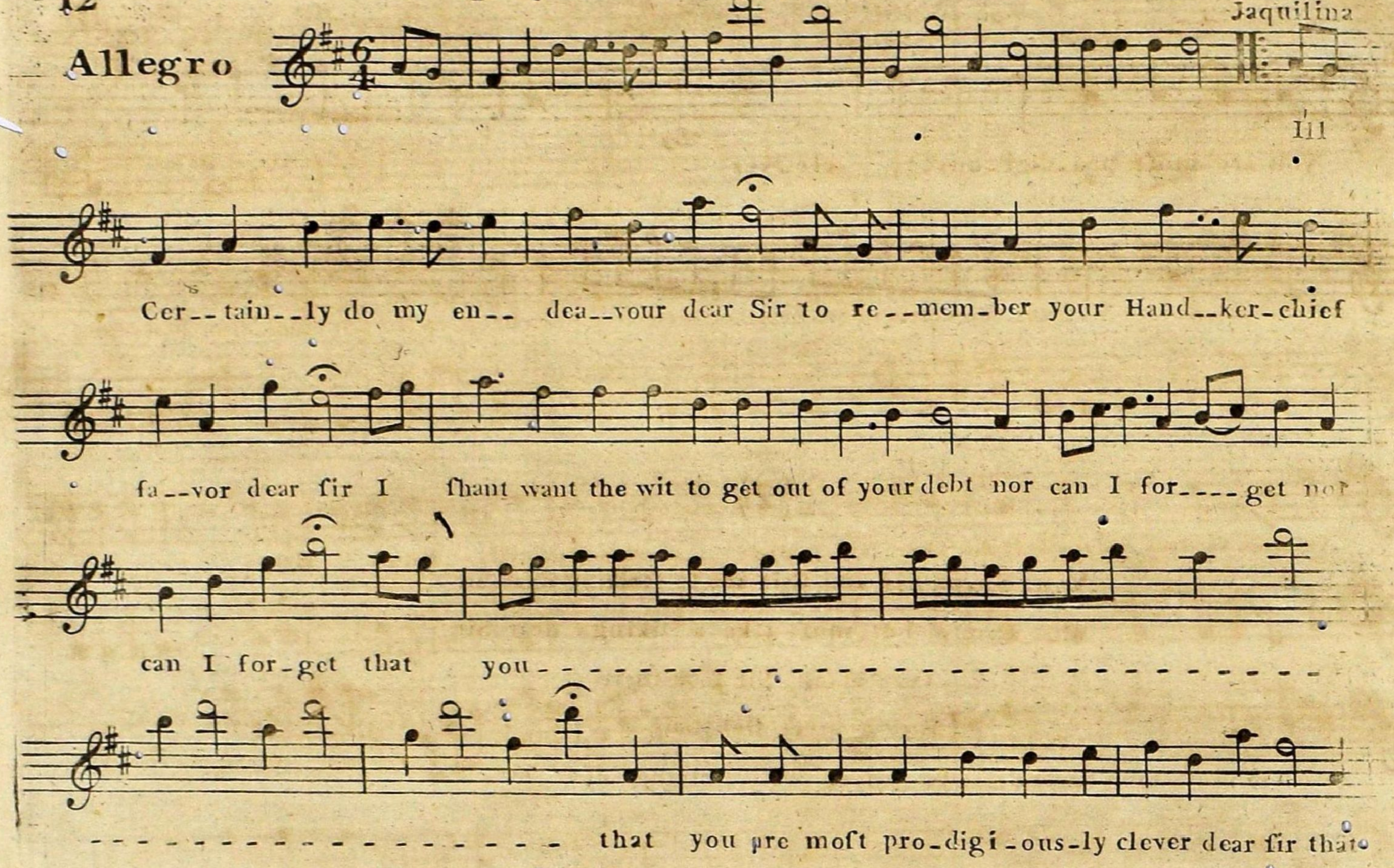

Mrs. Kennedy
Minore
Mr. Darley
which pry_ing
From Gob_lin guard her Elf and sprit which prying haunt de__ fence_less night with
haunt de_fenceless night with Eye too free too free and hand too bold with Eye too free _ _ _ and
Eye to free and hand too bold with Eye too free and hand too bold with Eye too free _ _ _ _ and
hand too bold Thou rest_less God that lov'st to hold thy Vigils where Ze_li_da dwells.
Sy
hand too bold.

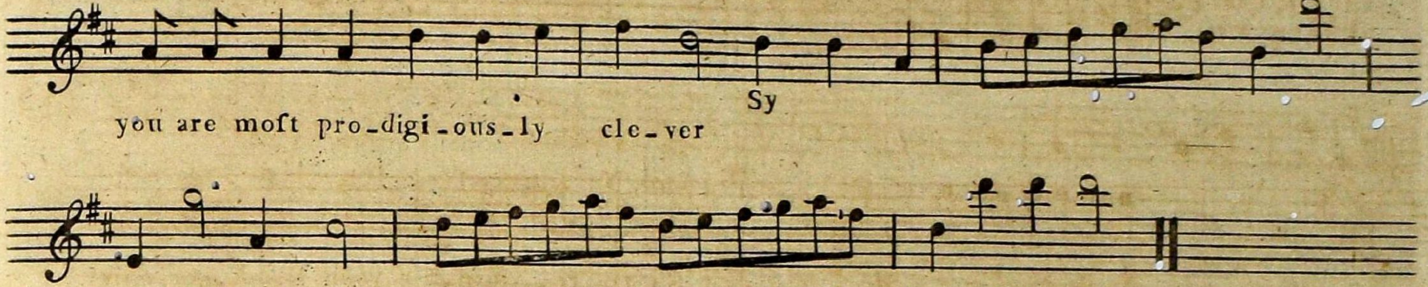

Oh happy happy let her dream of
ſome moſt ſweet Ce_leſtial theme while ſylphs glide ſmiling by and Starry Meateor
of ſome Ce__leſtial theme
Sy
ſylphs glide ſmiling ſmiling by and Starry Meateors gleam


Mr. Johnstone
With music charm - - - - - - - - - - - - - her ravish'd ears
Mrs. Bannister
such and so Heavenly so Heaven - - - - - - ly as the Spheres
Mrs. Kennedy
such as the
Spheres to an - tient Sages play'd
Mr. Johnstone
These varied Joys O love de - - cree worthy her and worthy thee
To nightly soothe - -
Mrs. Kennedy
O love de - - cree worthy her and worthy thee


th'angelic Maid. Thou
reſtleſs god that lov'ſt to hold thy Vigils where Ze_li_da dwells with peacefull ſleep the fair enfold from ſtarts and
tremors charms and ſpells from ſtarts and tremors charms and ſpells Happy Happy happy let her
dream of ſome moſt ſweet Ce__leſ__ti al ____ theme.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr

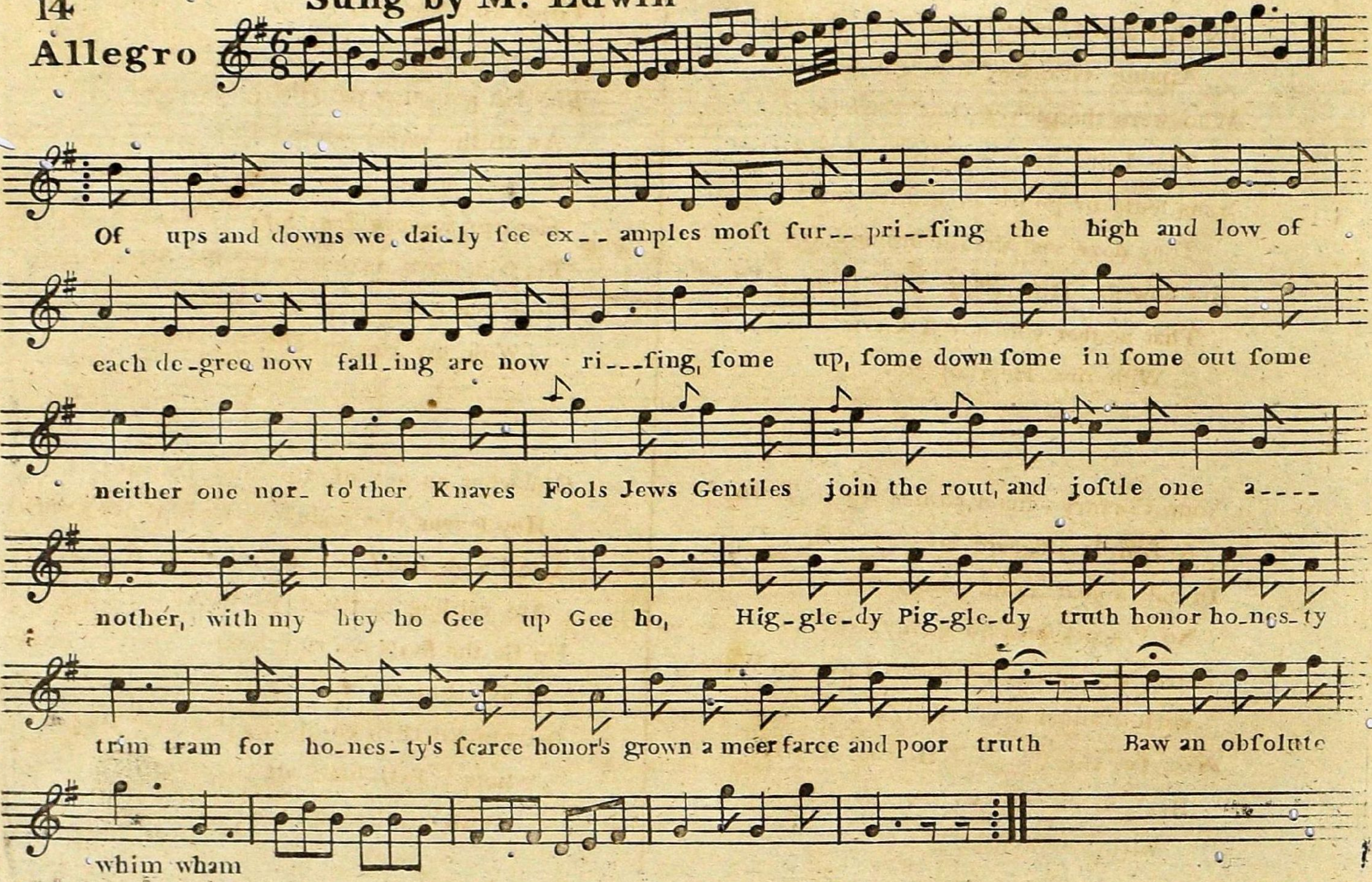




(2)

Your Shape, Air and Gait are ſo ſtriking dear Sir,
What Damſel but muſt take a liking dear Sir,
Turn about, Sir look there
How genteel Debonair,
O dear you're prodigiouſly ſtriking dear Sir.

Sung by Mr. Edwin



2

By Ups and Downs some folks they say,
Among Grandees have got Sir;
Who were themselves, but Yesterday,
The Lord knows who, or what Sir!
Sans sense or pence in merit's chair
They doze and dream supine - O!
But how the Devil they came there —
That neither you nor I know.
With my Heigho! &c.

3

Your Country - maid comes up to Town,
A simple aukward body;
In half a year again goes down,
No Peacock half so gaudy!
Lord Ma'am! exclaims the Lawyers Wife,
With scandal ever ready,
You see the Ups and Downs of life
Have made our Meg a Lady!
With my Heigho! &c.

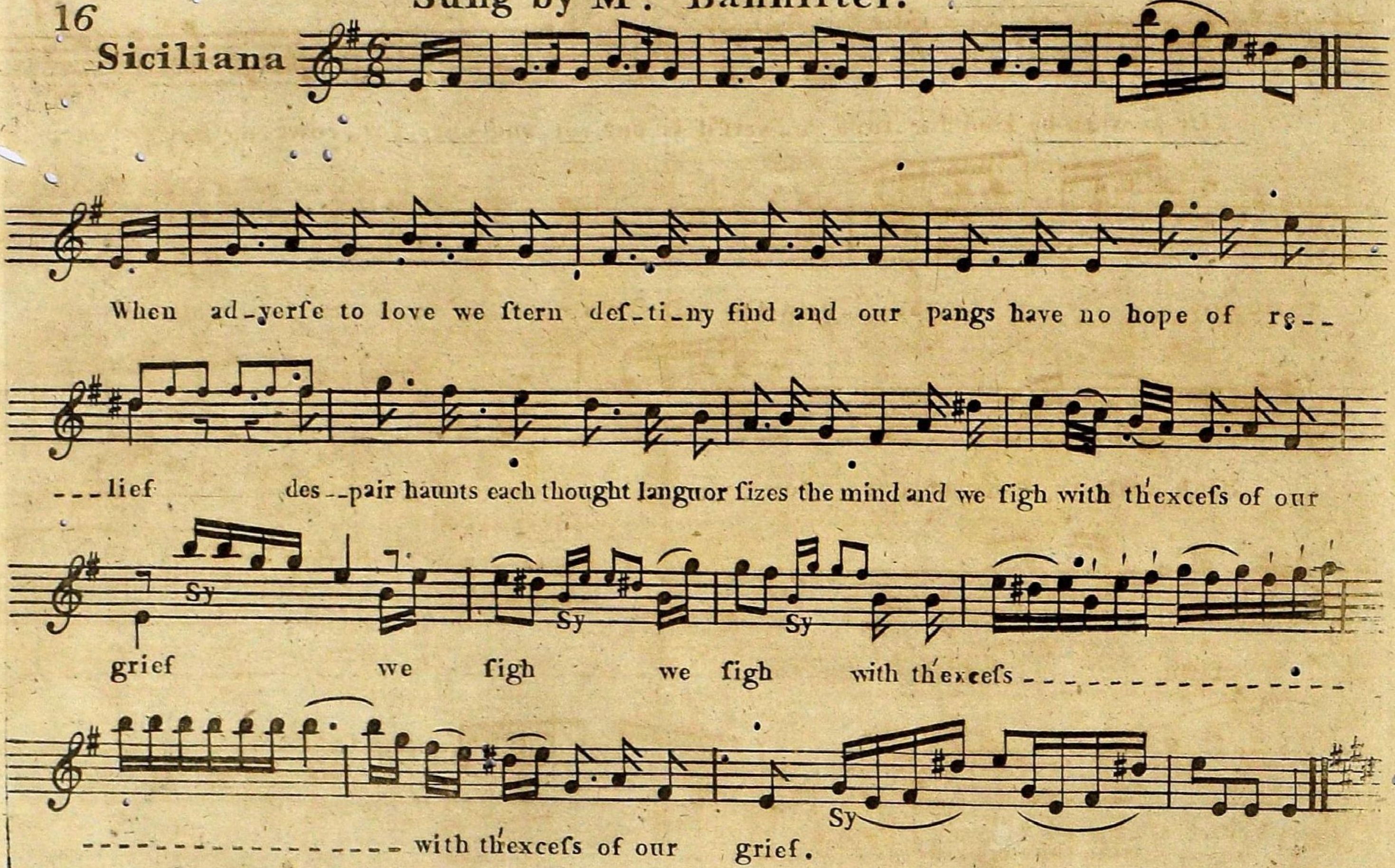
4

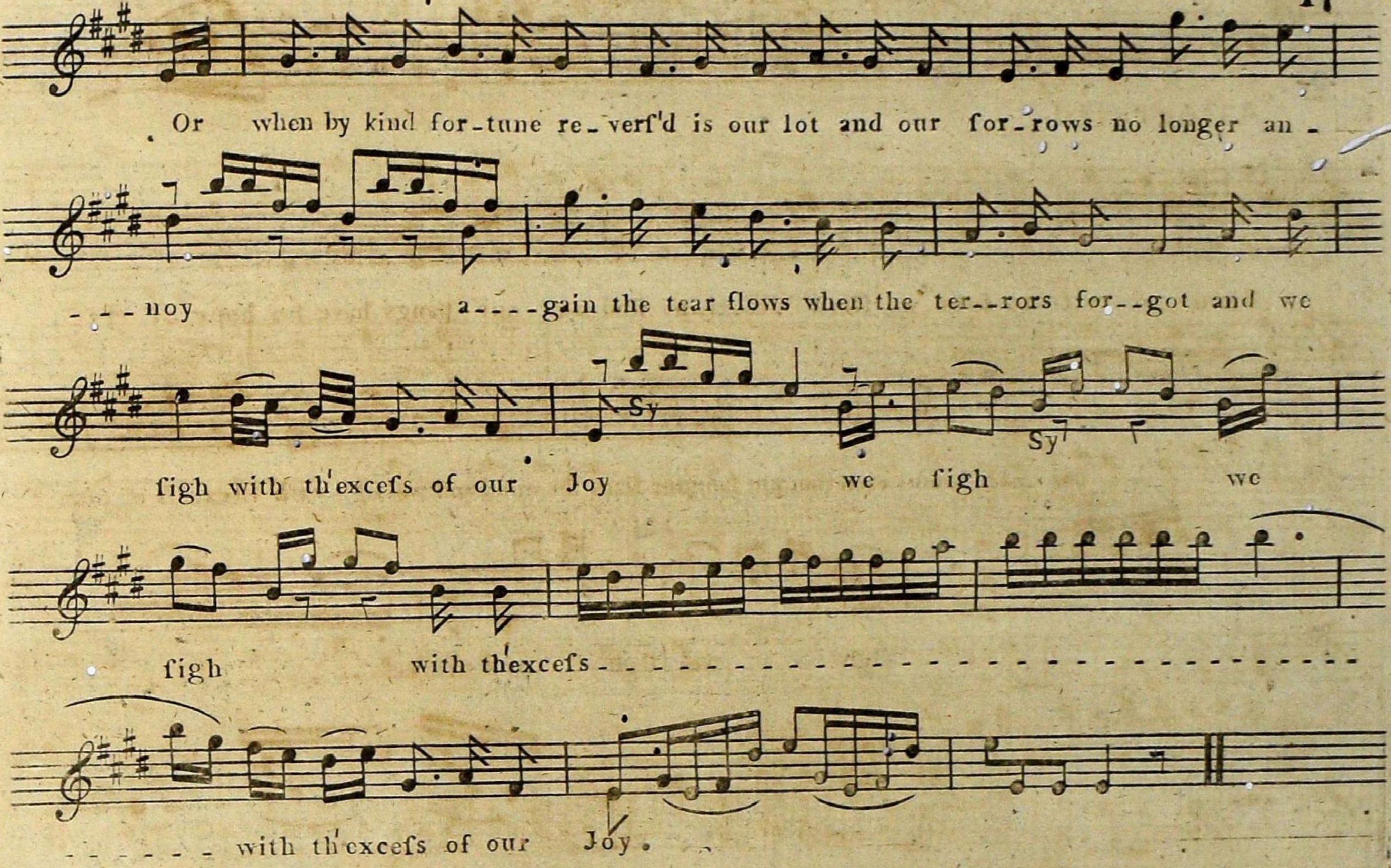
Virtue and Vanity lately are grown
Meer buckets in a well Sir;
The last gets up, the first gets down,
As all the world can tell Sir;
So many downs poor Virtue meets,
Her ups so very few, Sir,
'Tis said she's naked met i' the Streets —
But that is nothing new, Sir,
With my Heigho! &c.

5

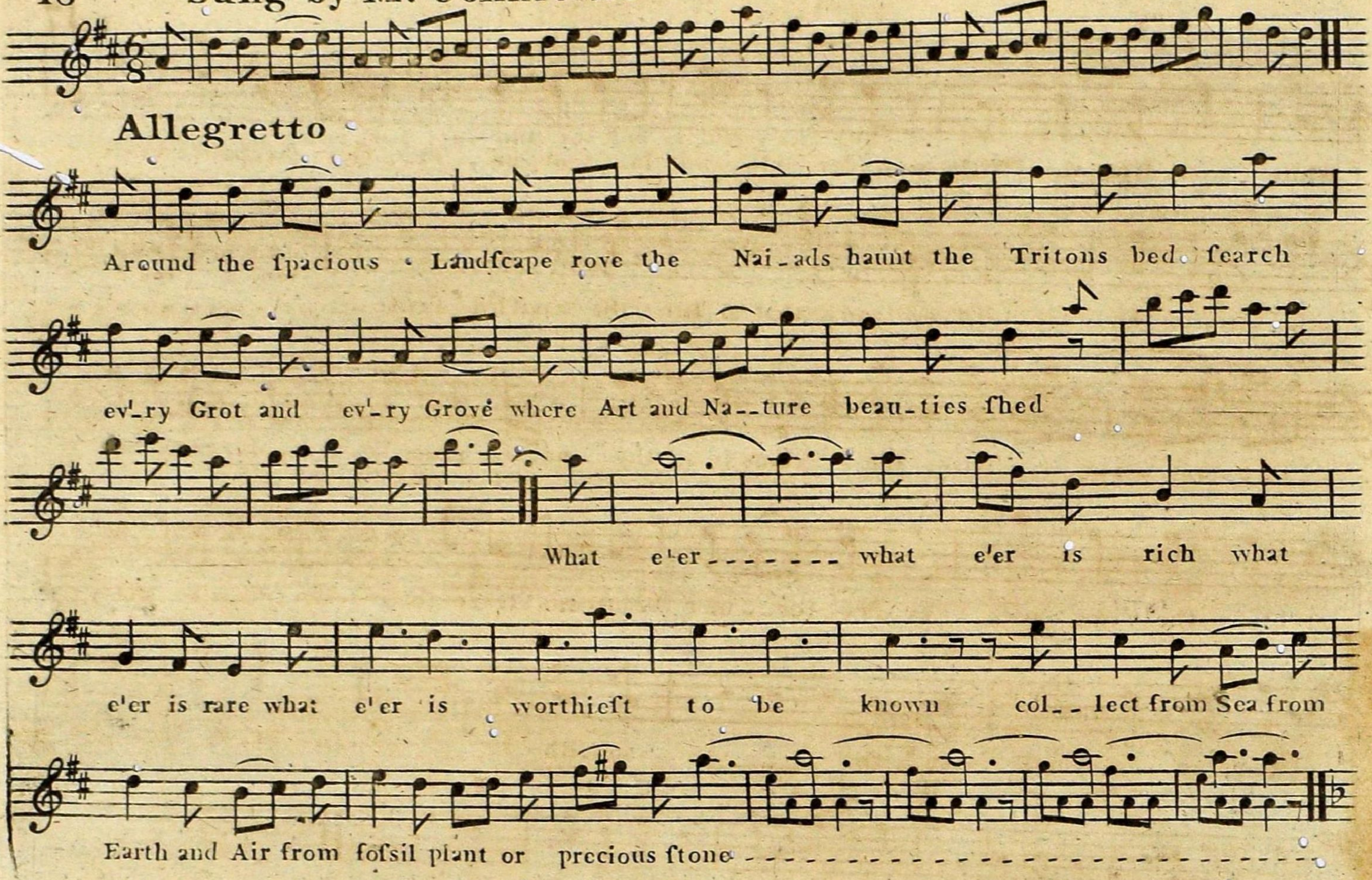
Oh! what an age of Ups and Downs!
Hey sevens the main, my Lord thrice knocks,
And Lands and Liberties, Manors & Towns,
Are rattling in the dice - Box!
Up fly the fools on ruin bent,
While they are full in feather;
Get pluck'd then rumbling down are sent
Whoop! Pell-mell all together!
With my Heigho! &c.

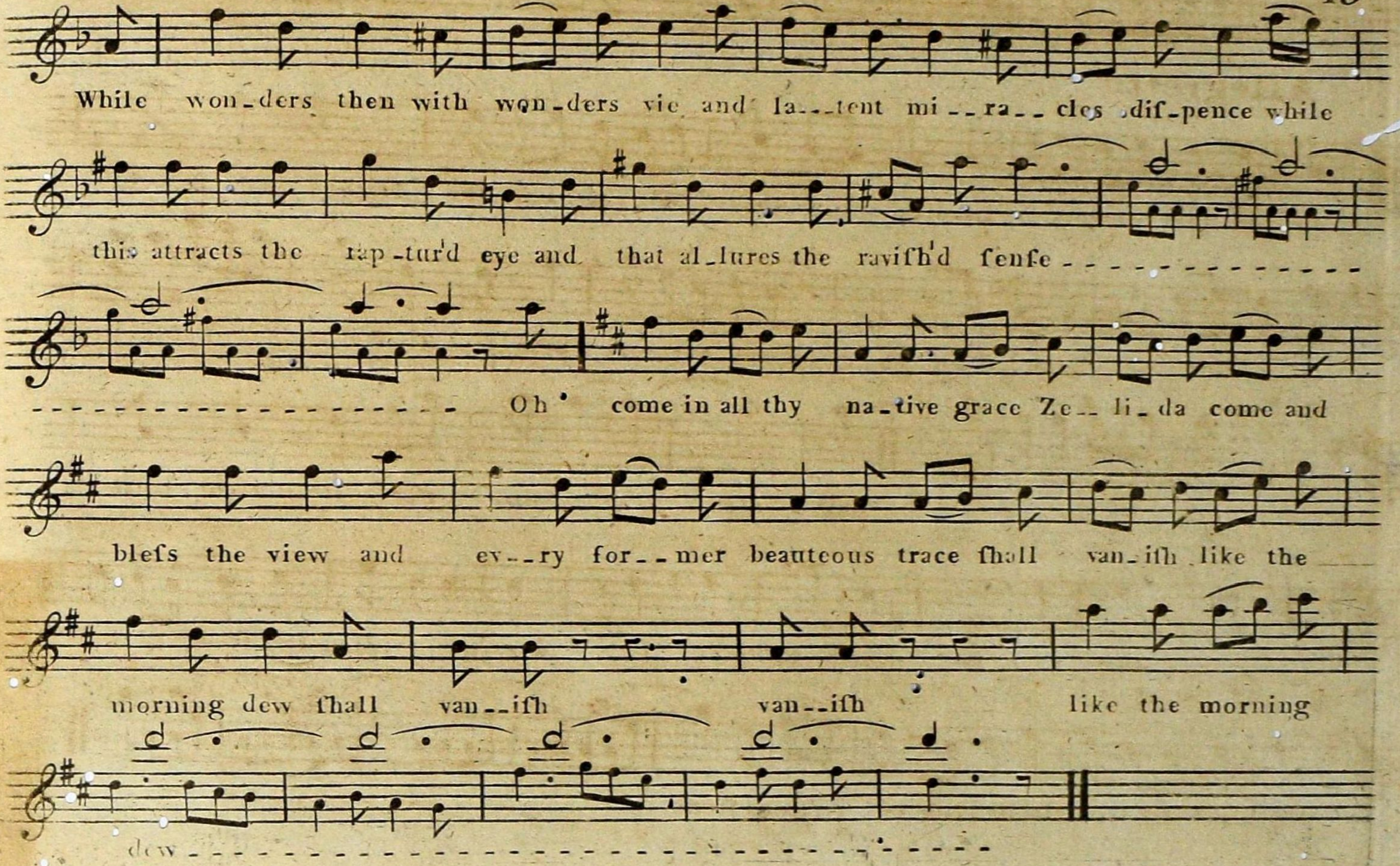
Sung by Mrs. Bannifter.



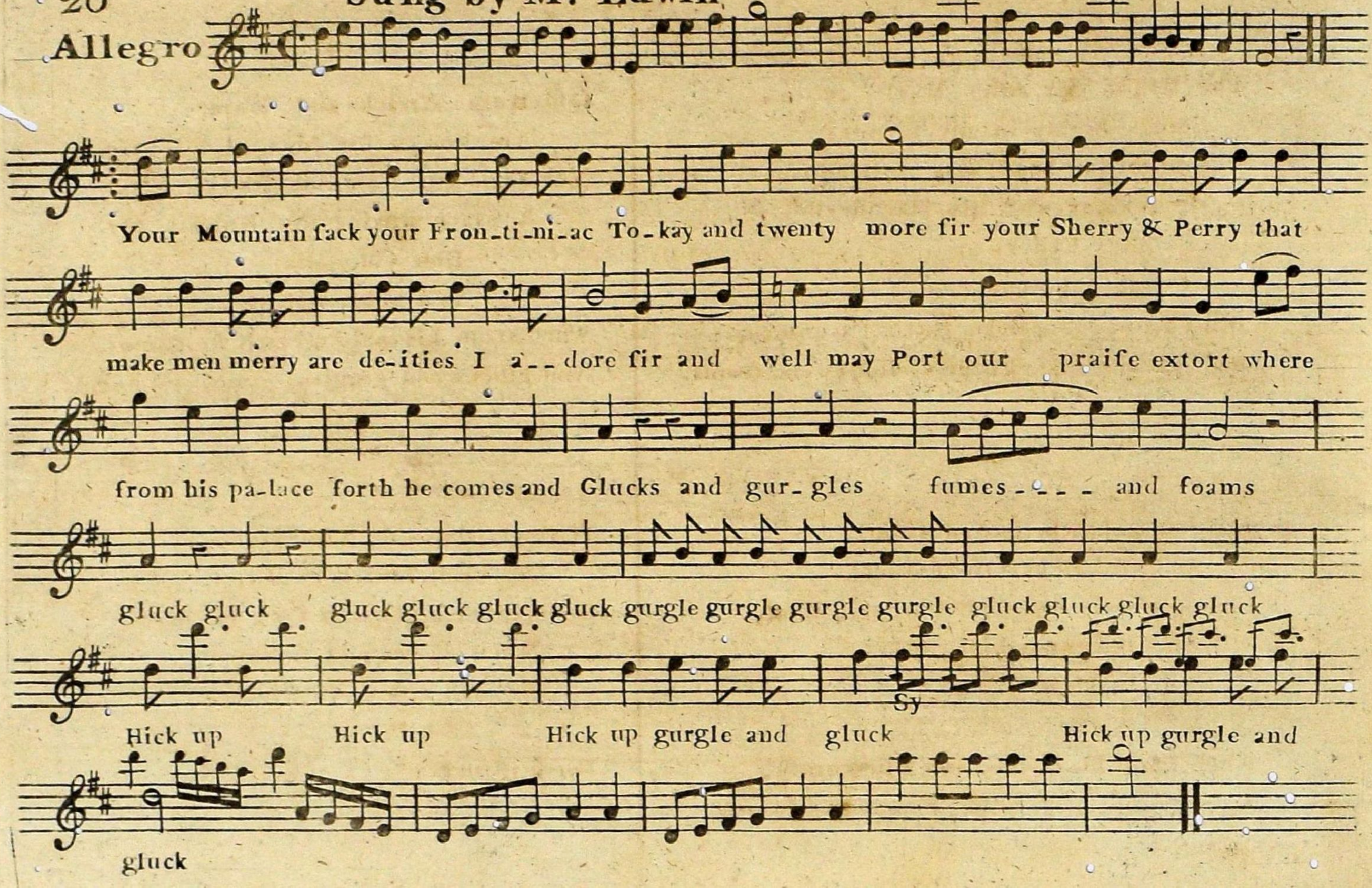

Or when by kind for_tune re_verf'd is our lot and our for_rows no longer an_
_ _ _ noy a_ _ _ _gain the tear flows when the ter_ _rors for_ _got and we
figh with th'excefs of our Joy we figh we
Sy
Sy
figh with th'excefs_ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ with th'excefs of our Joy.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone




While won_ders then with won_ders vie and la_ _tent mi_ _ra_ _ cles dif_pence while
this attracts the rap_tur'd eye and that al_lures the ravifh'd fenfe - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Oh come in all thy na_tive grace Ze_ _ li_ da come and
blefs the view and ev_ _ry for_ _mer beauteous trace fhall van_ifh like the
morning dew fhall van_ _ifh van_ _ifh like the morning
dew -

Sung by Mr. Edwin



2

The Briton Sir John Barley-corn,
Stands highly in my favour,
His mantling head may well adorn
His valour and his flavour:
Nay Cyder-an
Is a potent man
When from his palace forth he comes,
And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams.

3

Madeira's monarch, him I ſing!
And Old Hock! lo another!
Champagne is my moſt Chriſtain King,
And Burgundy his Brother.
Bold Bourdeaux too,
Shall have hir due,
When from his palace forth he comes!
And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams.

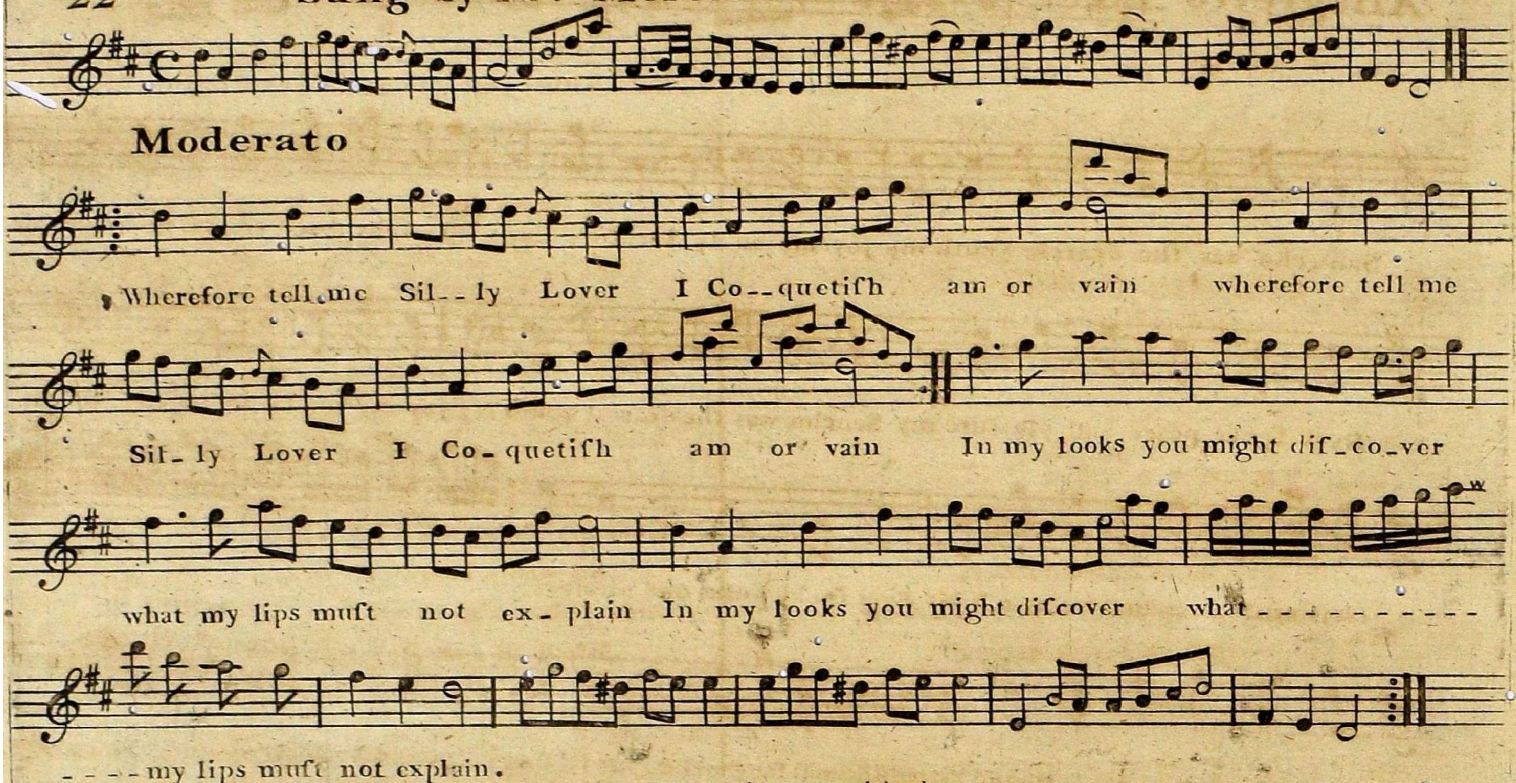
4

Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
Are known for Men of might Sir;
Nor ſhall Sir Florence Flaſket lack,
A place among my Knights, Sir:
Don Calcavalla
Is a noble Fellow!
When from his palace forth he comes.
And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams

5

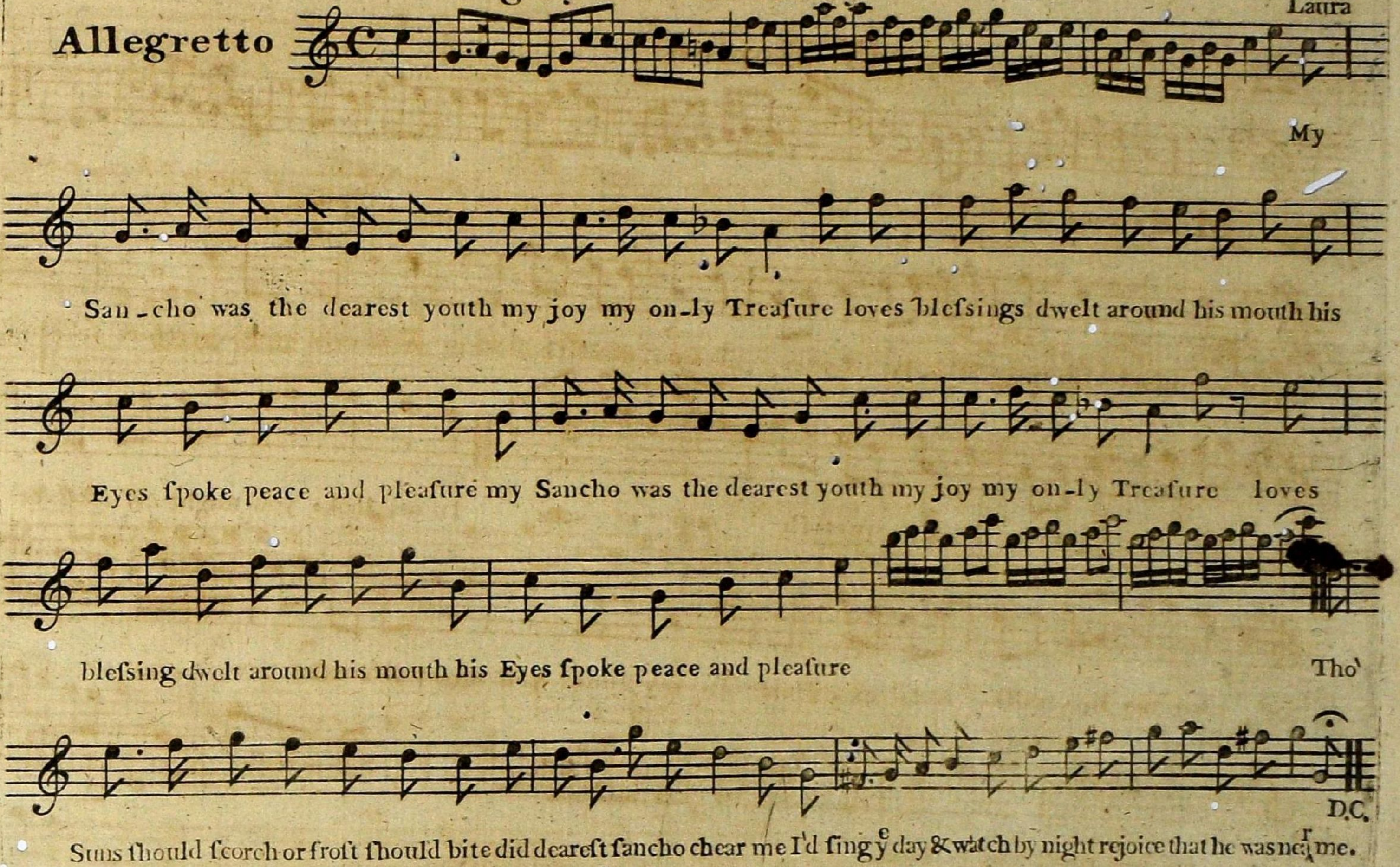
If ſingly thus each Champion may
So many laurels gather,
Gods, what a glorious Congreſs, they
When all are met together.
When, high in State,
Each Potentate
Forth from his ſpacious palace comes!
And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams.

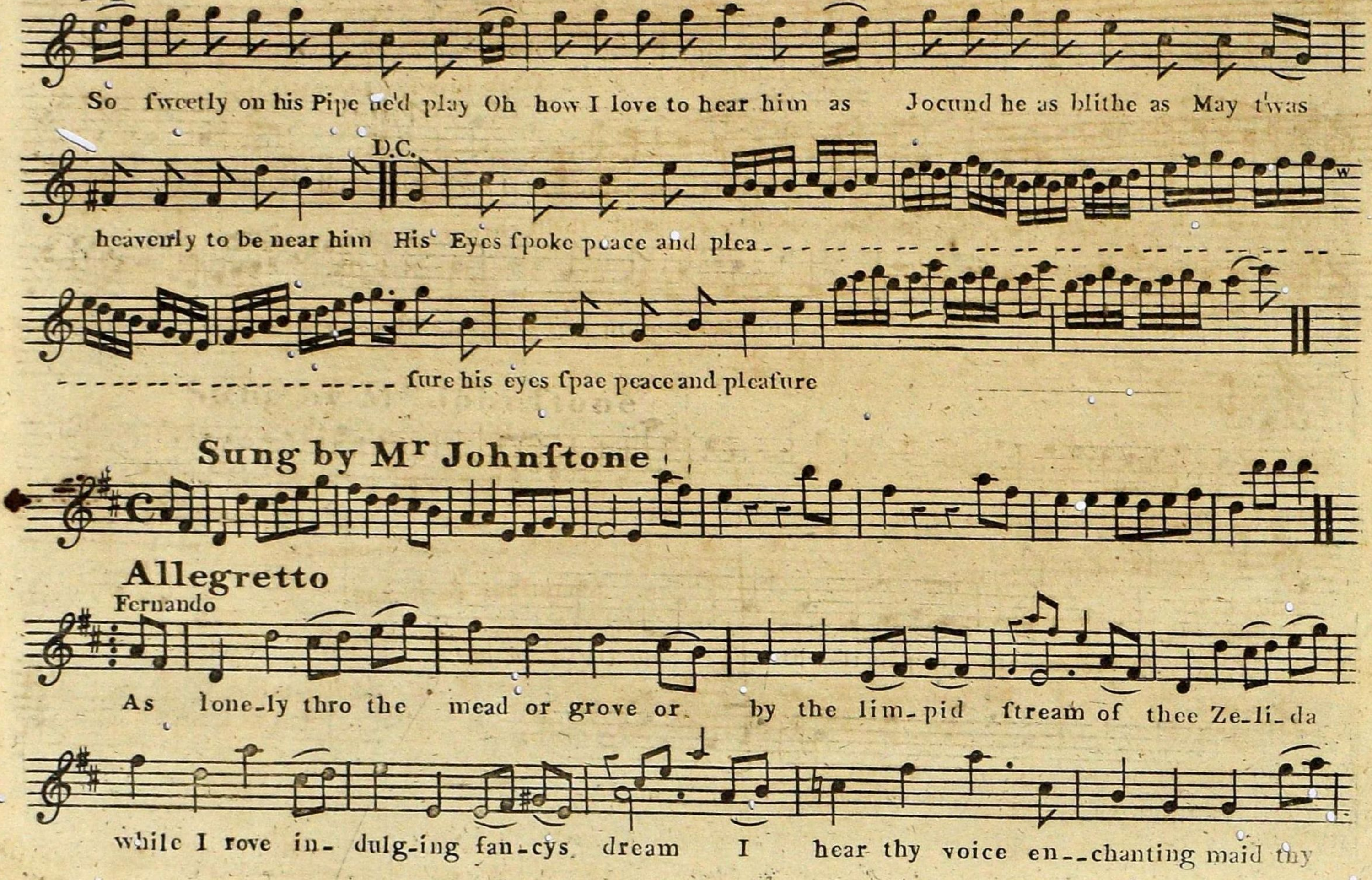
Sung by Mrs. Morton



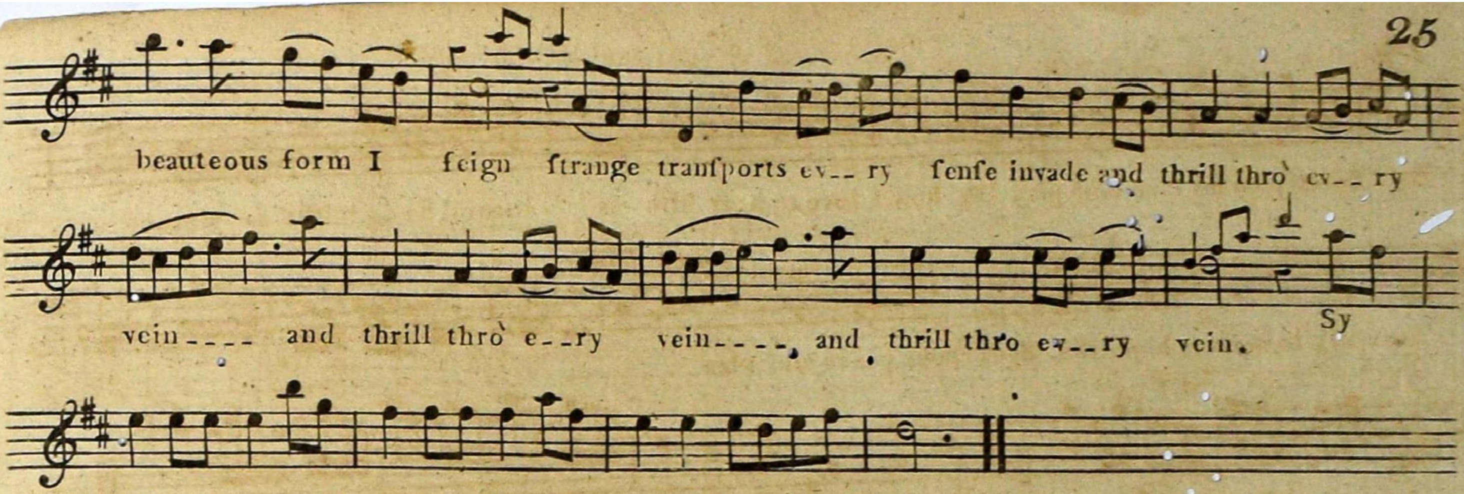
He who, when a maid denys
Believes her words, and not her eyes,
Shall live the by-word of the plain,
And envy fome more happy Swain.

Sung by Mr.s Kennedy





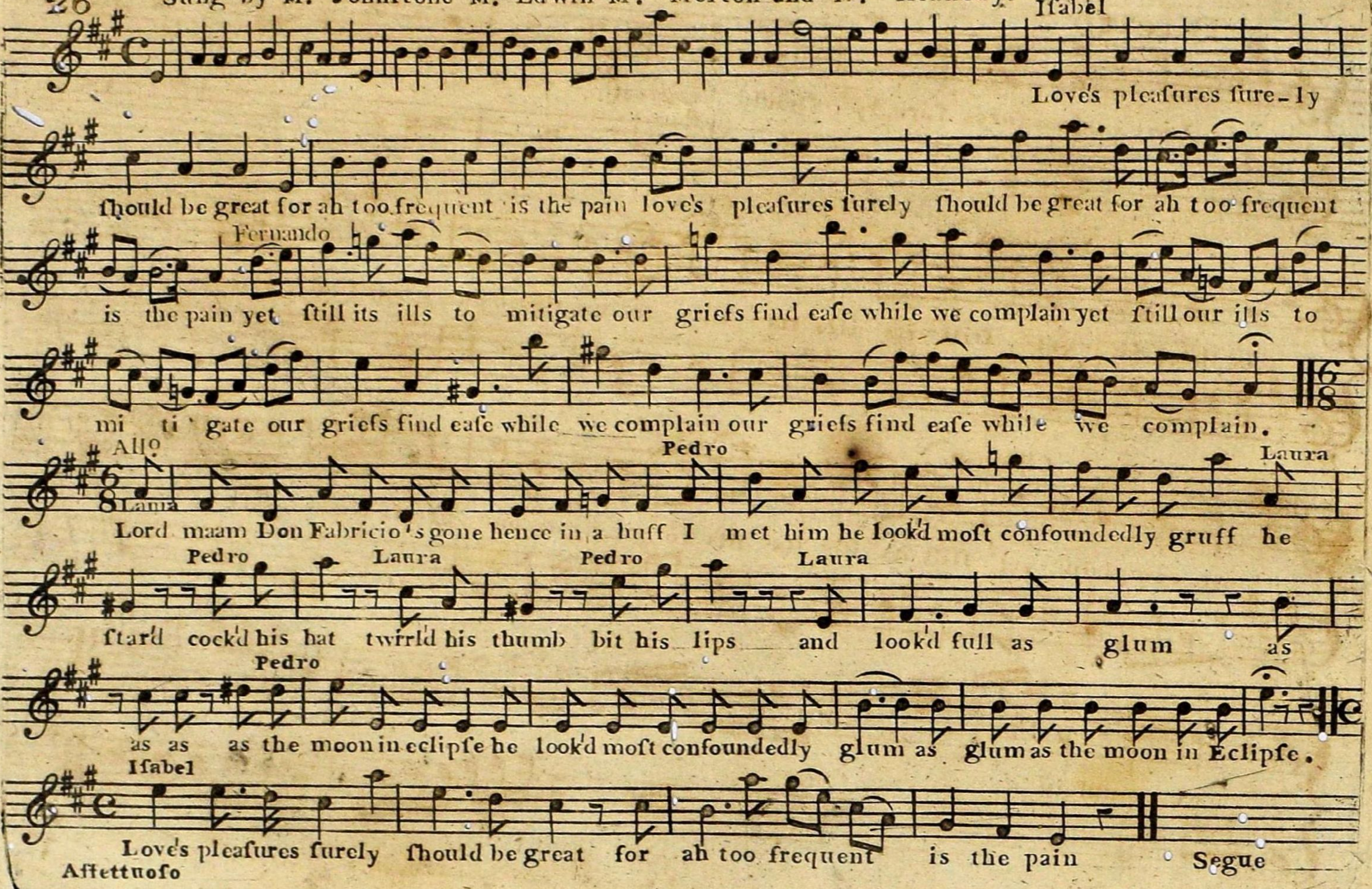
So ſweetly on his Pipe he'd play Oh how I love to hear him as Jocund he as blithe as May t'was
D.C.
heavenly to be near him His Eyes ſpoke peace and plea - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ſure his eyes ſpae peace and pleaſure
Sung by Mr Johnſtone
Allegretto
Fernando
As lone-ly thro the mead or grove or by the lim-pid ſtream of thee Ze-li-da
while I rove in-dulg-ing fan-cys dream I hear thy voice en--chanting maid thy

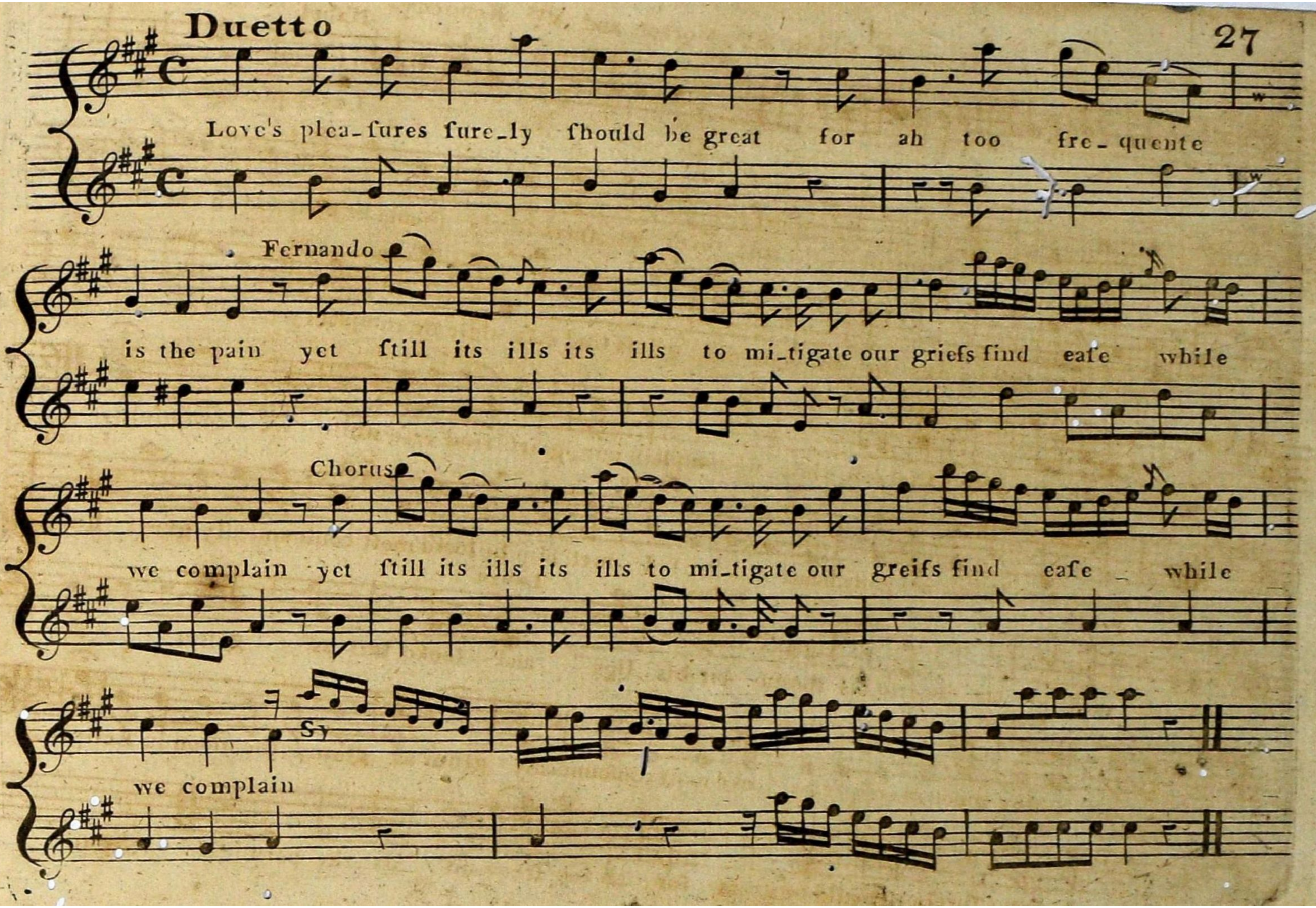


If fancied pleaſures are ſo great,
And feeble memory may;
Thus with her phantoms captivate,
Theſe extacies convey;

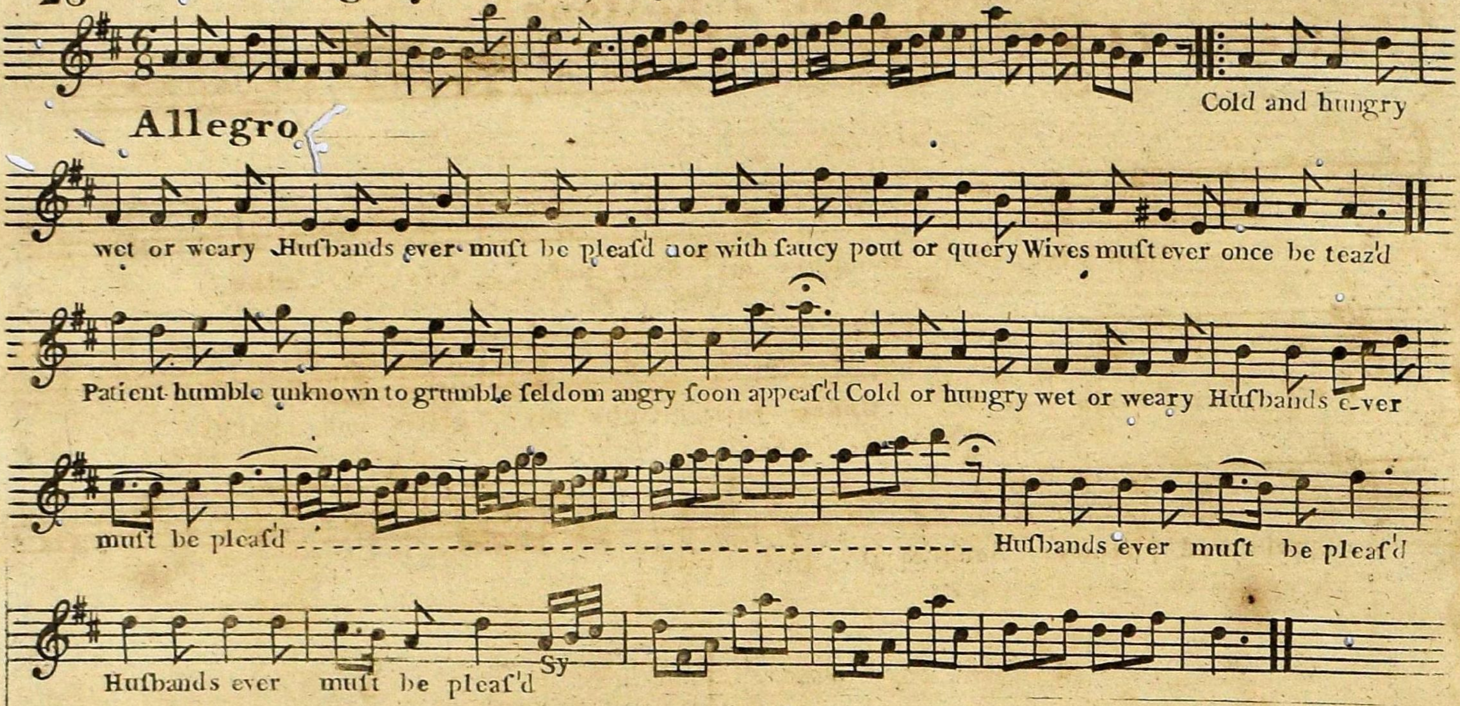
If abſent, I, entranc'd may feel,
Senſations ſo divine;
What rapture ſhall that hour reveal,
Which makes thee wholly mine.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone Mr. Edwin Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Kennedy.




Duetto
Love's plea_sures sure_ly should be great for ah too fre_quente
Fernando
is the pain yet still its ills its ills to mi_tigate our griefs find ease while
Chorus
we complain yet still its ills its ills to mi_tigate our greifs find ease while
we complain

Sung by Mrs Martyr

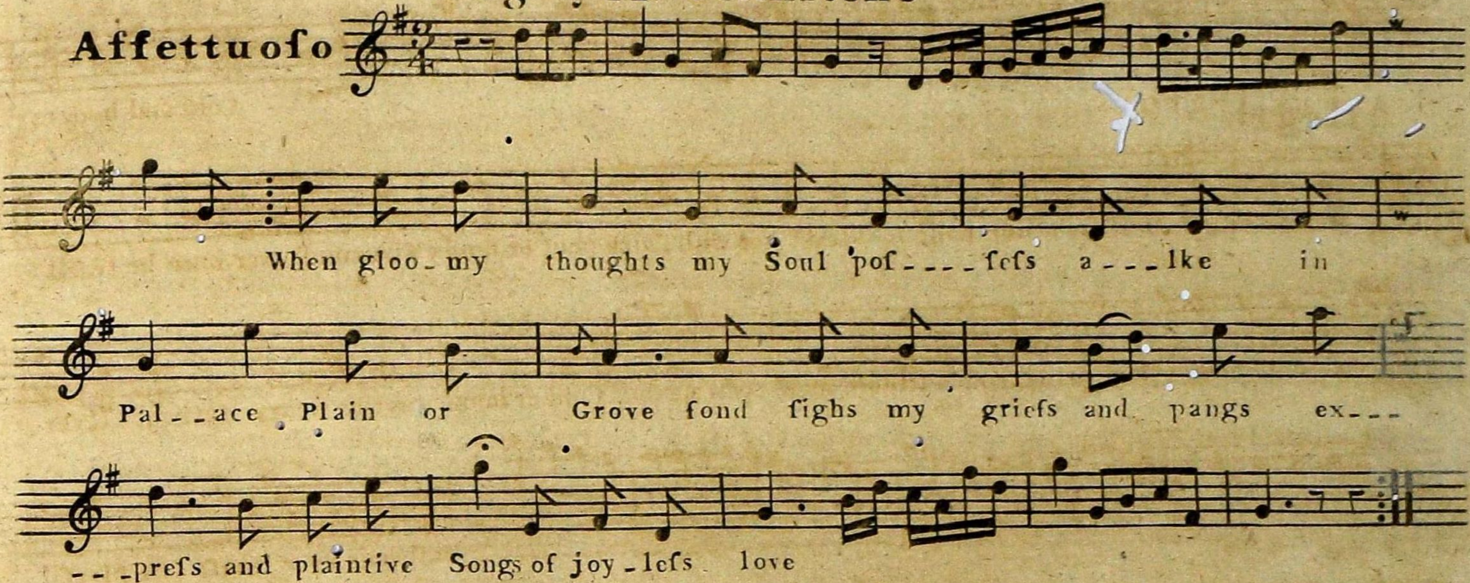


Tho' of folly they're convicted
Yet ſhould they the facts deny
Wives muſt not be contradicted
Nor once aſk'd for reaſon why.

Swinging dinging
Scolding ſinging
If they laugh or if they cry

Wives muſt not be contradicted
Nor once aſk'd for reaſon why.

Sung by Mr Johnſtone



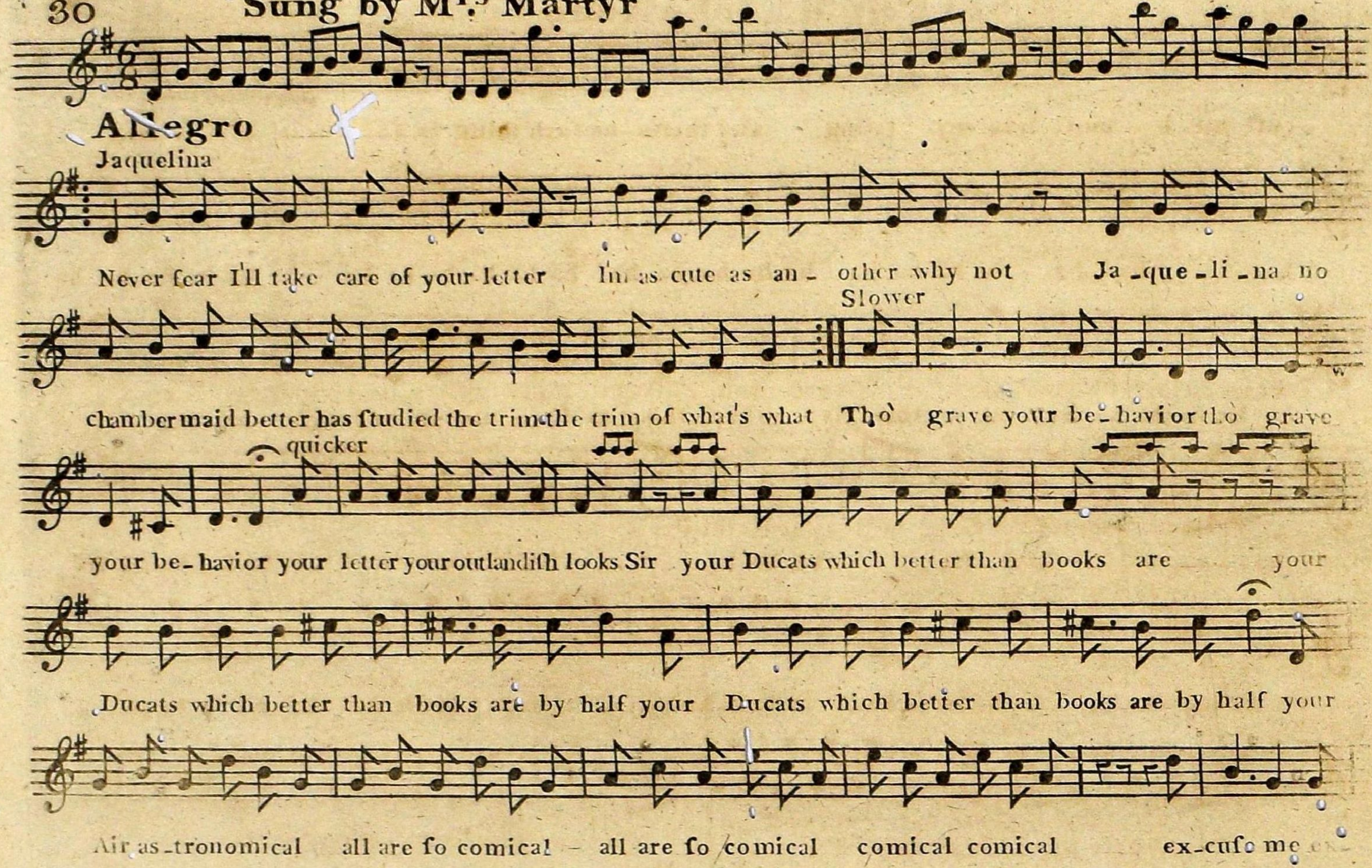
2

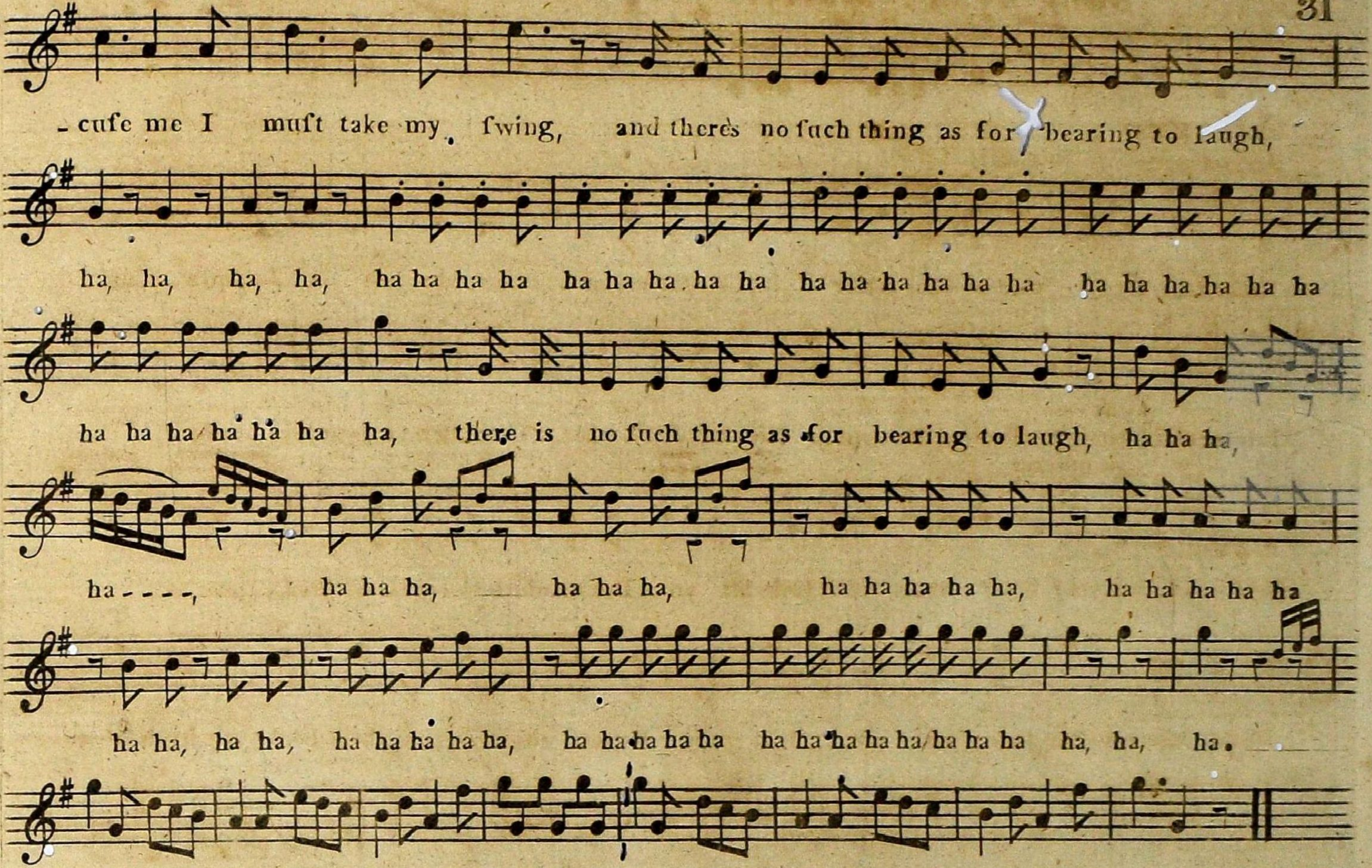
When doubts impatient rend my heart
As rends the Hawk the Turtle Dove
Indignant from each wound I ſtart
And ſing the worngs of injur'd love.

3

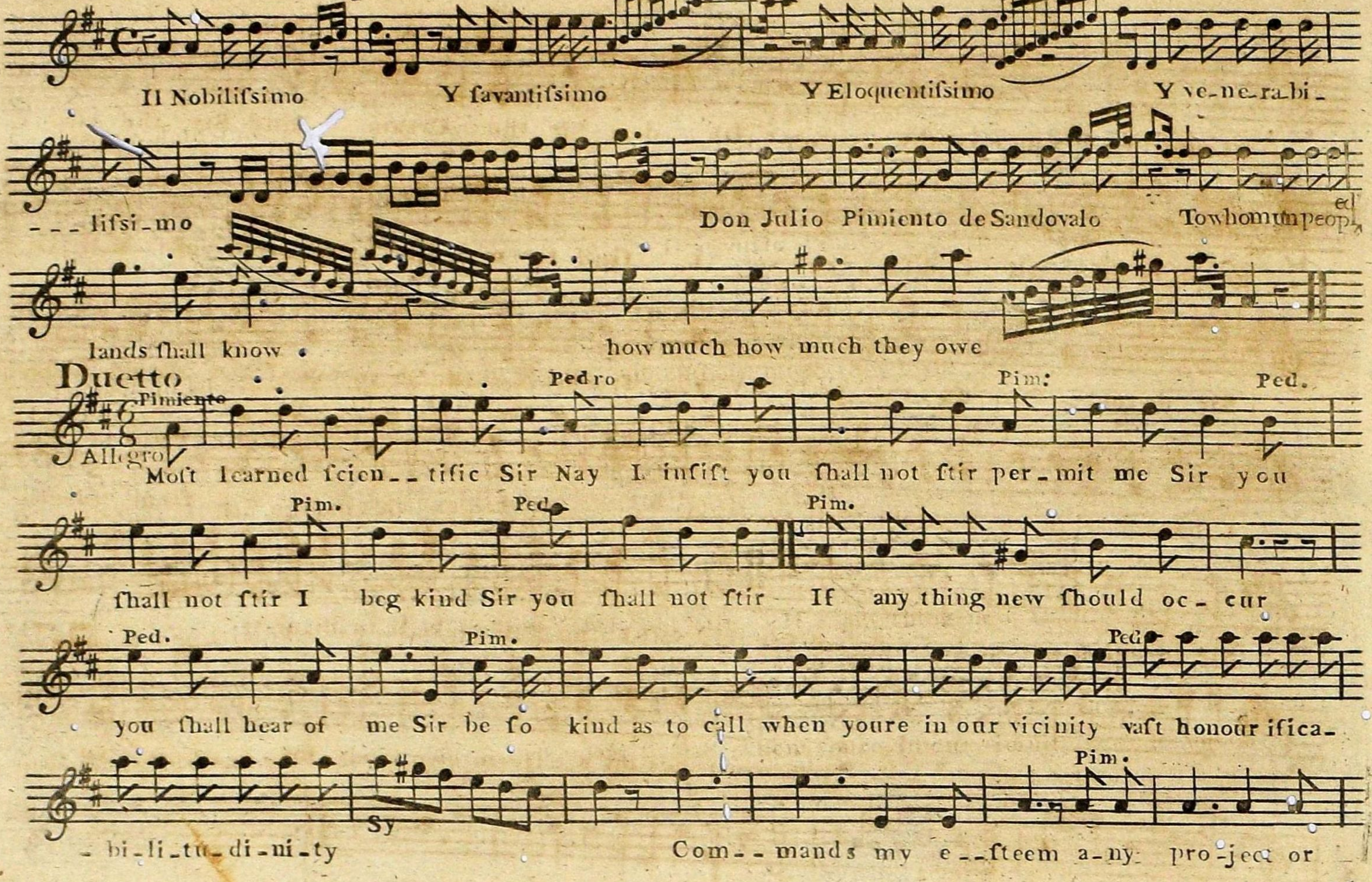
But ſhould my pangs endur'd ſo long
The cruel fates to mercy move
I'd gladly change the mournful Song
And jocund ſing the joys of love.

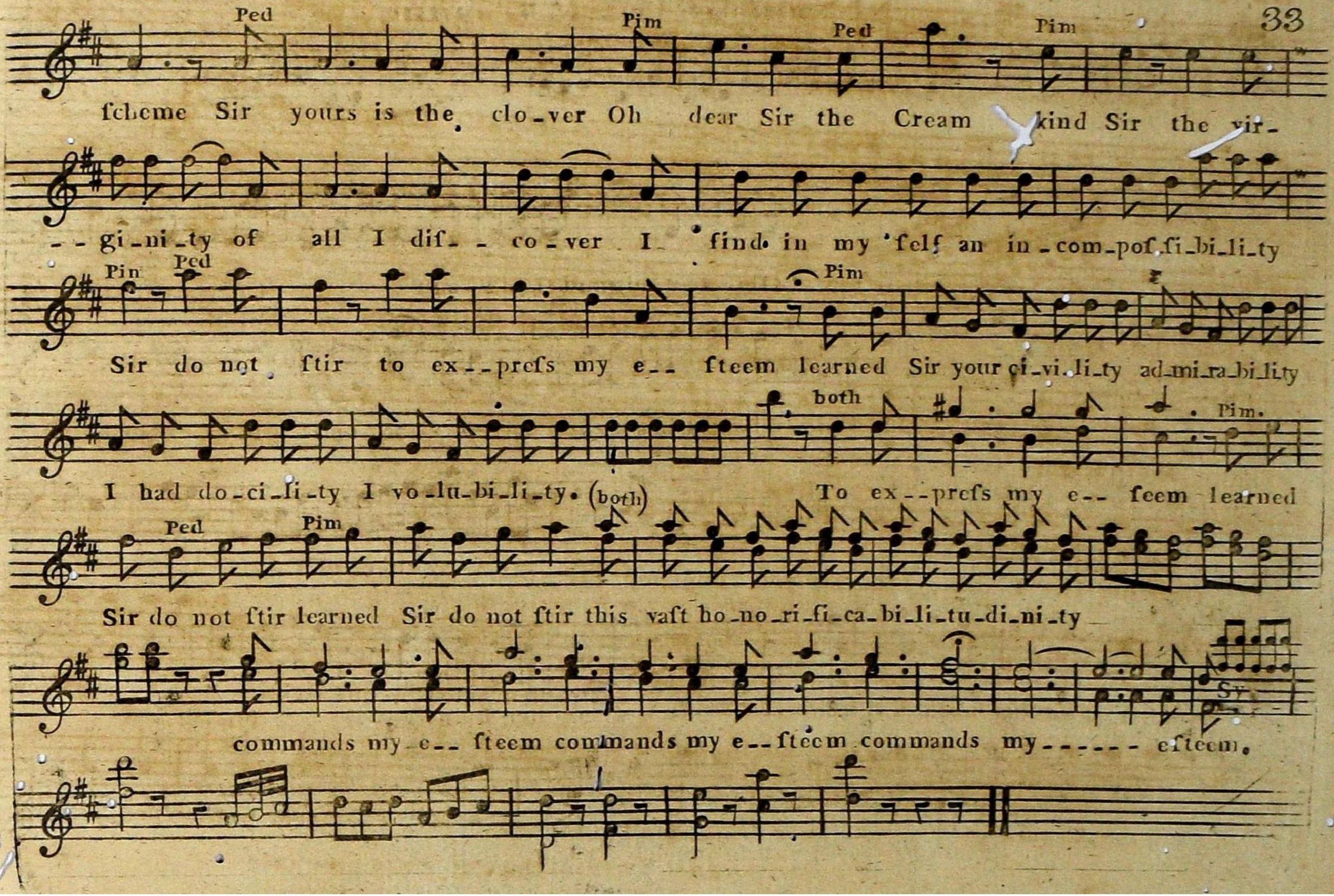
Sung by Mrs. Martyr




-cuſe me I muſt take my ſwing, and there's no ſuch thing as for bearing to laugh,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, there is no ſuch thing as for bearing to laugh, ha ha ha,
ha - - - -, ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha, ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha.

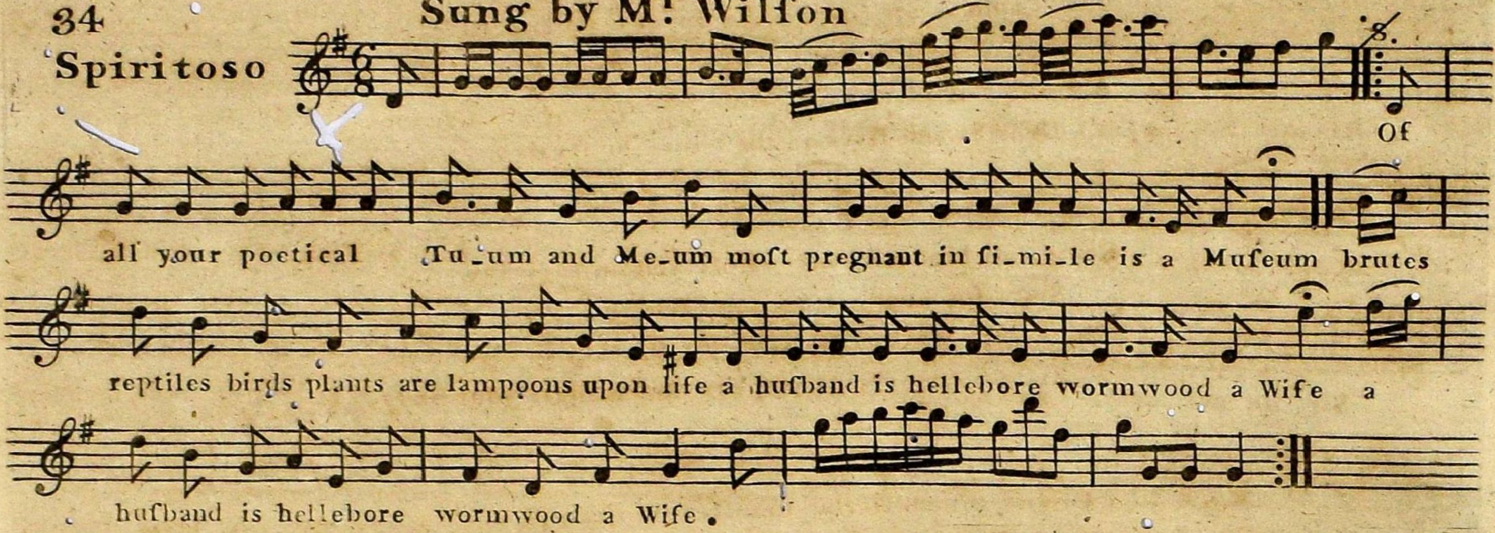
Recit: Pompſo




Ped Pim Ped Pim
ſcheme Sir yours is the clo_ver Oh dear Sir the Cream kind Sir the vir_
_ _ gi_ni_ty of all I diſ_ _ co_ver I find in my ſelf an in_com_poſ_ſi_bi_li_ty
Pin Ped Pim
Sir do not ſtir to ex_ _preſs my e_ _ ſteem learned Sir your ci_vi_li_ty ad_mi_ra_bi_li_ty
both Pim.
I had do_ci_li_ty I vo_lu_bi_li_ty. (both) To ex_ _preſs my e_ _ ſeem learned
Ped Pim
Sir do not ſtir learned Sir do not ſtir this vaſt ho_no_ri_fi_ca_bi_li_tu_di_ni_ty
commands my e_ _ ſteem commands my e_ _ ſteem commands my_ _ _ _ _ _ eſteem.

Sung by Mr. Wilſon

Spiritoso



2

A Vintner's a Jackall, an Author's a Grub,
Coquets are Camelions, a Beau's a Bear's Cub:
Till Barbers and Taylors have lick'd him to ſhape,
And when metamorphoſ'd he is but an Ape.

3

Cuckoo Courtiers are peck'd at when too near the throne
And have mates who but ſeldom hatch Eggs of their own:
Politicians like Polypi never can ceaſe,
For the more you divide them the more they encreaſe.

4

Led Captains are Snails who oppos'd still recede
Shrink, pull in their horns, and beslime where they feed;
A Poet (a modern one) drone like conceals,
Debases and lives on the honey he steals.

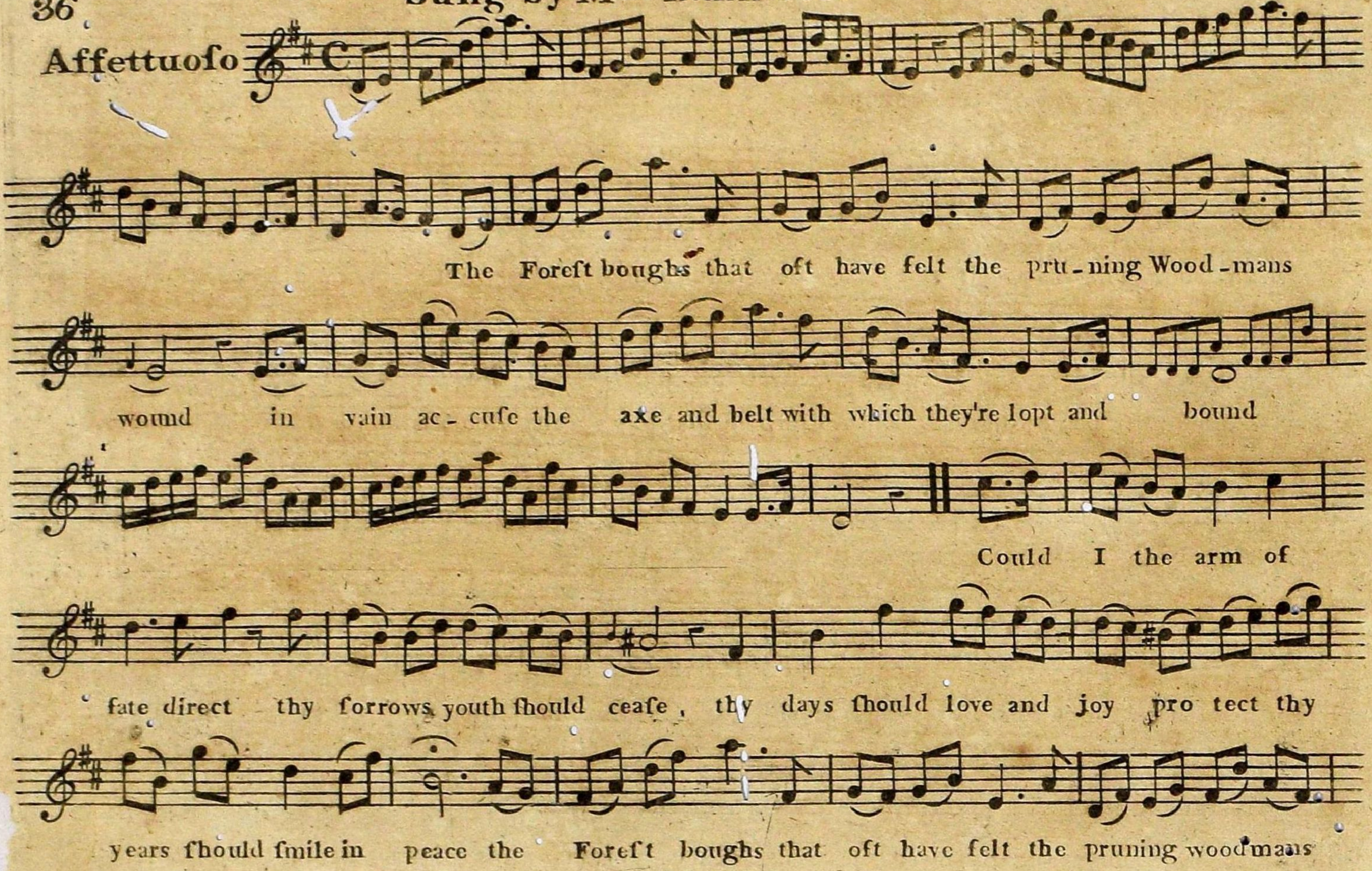
5

Some call him a Spider whose venom they say,
Spun into non-naturals, poisons his prey:
Man Tigers are Bailiffs who lurk till they've claw'd ye,
And suck up your blood e're they mangle your body.

6

A Lawyer a nondescript monster we deem,
Shark, Whale, or Leviathan's nothing to him;
His green bag's a belly which simile mocks,
For it swallows up Houses Fields Forrests and Flocks.

7

But he who to cite ev'ry emblem shou'd dare,
Of Reptile, and Rascal, and Bully and Bear;
While prating of Asses Owls Monkeys, and Goats;
Might cut his own fingers and other folks throats.

Sung by Mrs Banniſter